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# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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## AMONG THE PHILIPPINES.

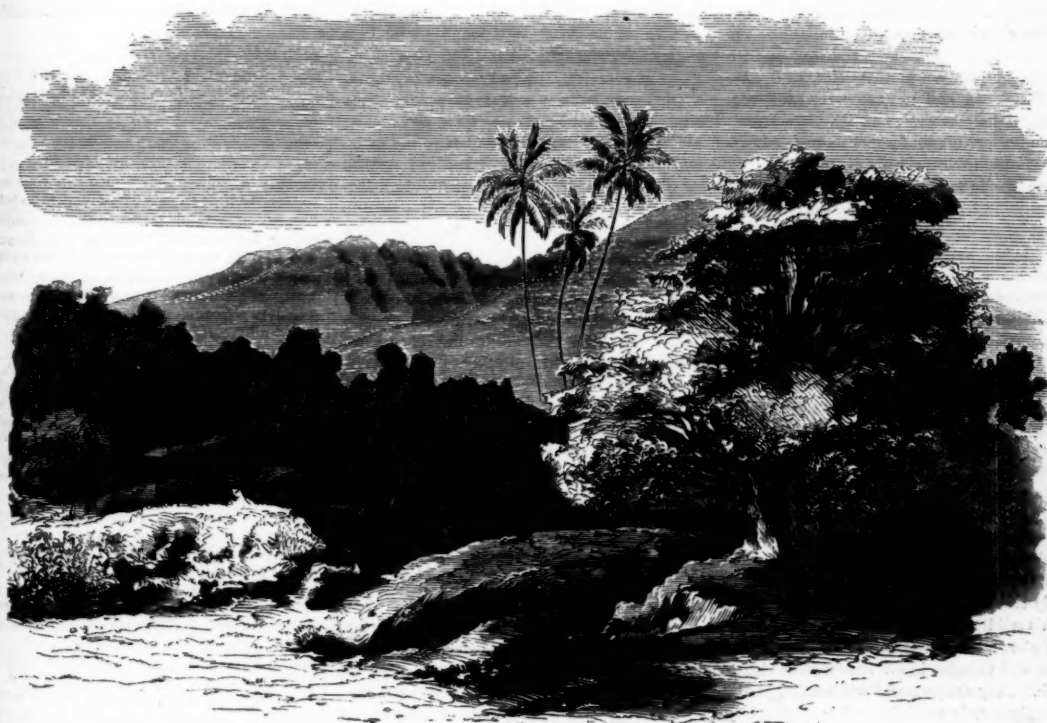
### CONCLUSION.

IN the middle of the province of Camarines rises Mount Ysaróg, presenting from the east the appearance of a circular chain of mountains rent asunder by a great ravine. The higher slopes have been for ages the dwelling-place of a small race of people, whose independence and primitive customs have almost entirely separated them from the

toms of these people are quite similar to those of the Dyaks of Borneo. They are probably the last of the race which maintained itself against the superior arms and discipline of the Spaniards after all the sea-coast and plain tribes had submitted.

In order to break down the opposition of this wild tribe, the Spanish Government not on-

usually reduced the numbers of the Ygorrotes of Ysaróg, but it has also encouraged their hardy adherence to their ancient customs, and preserved their individuality as a people. In making the ascent of the Ysaróg, Mr. Jagor came in contact with several communities of this interesting race, by whom he was hospitably treated, in spite of the cause they had



YSARÓG.

other inhabitants of the island. The inhabitants of the Ysaróg are ordinarily classified as Ygorrotes, alluded to in a previous paper. But they differ essentially; for the former constitute an individual and peculiar race, while the Ygorrotes proper are made up of any and all the Indians who have left the life of the *pueblo* and plain for that of the mountain and forest. The manners and cus-

tom forbade its subjects to trade with them, but also sent armed expeditions to destroy their tobacco-fields. As the barbarians could not understand why they should not cultivate on their own fields a plant which had become a necessity to them, they saw in the *cuadrilleros*, or native government troops, not the functionaries of a civilized state, but mere robbers and bandits. This persecution has grad-

ually reduced the numbers of the white race.

On the first day of the ascent he was met by the chief man of a village, who himself escorted him around, carefully removing the foot-lances which projected out of the ground in all the forest-paths, dexterously concealed by brushwood and leaves. In passing through the forest an Indian damsel was seen work-

ing at her primitive loom. The upper end, consisting of a piece of bamboo, was fixed to two bars, and to the two notched ends of a small lath, which supplied the place of the weaving-beam, hooked on a wooden bow, in which the back of the lath was fitted. Placing her feet against two pegs in the ground, and bending her back, by means of the bow she stretched the material straight. A netting-needle, longer than the breadth of the web, served instead of the weaver's shuttle. A lath of wood, sharpened by a knife, represented the trestle, and after every stroke it was placed on the edge. Then the comb was pushed forward, a thread put through, struck fast, etc. The material used was the fibre of the *abdos* and pineapple, the latter for the more costly fabrics.

The huts of the people were composed, as usual, of bamboo and palm leaves, and mostly surrounded with splendid fields of batata, maize, caladium, and sugar-cane.

Our author found his hill-friends quite musical. One had played very well on a kind of a lute, which realized the rude idea of the harp or plectrum. Others played on jews'-harps of bamboo, and one ingenious performer had made a very creditable imitation of a European guitar, on which he played with no little skill. The musicians were very proud to display their accomplishments before the white stranger. Both men and women were found to be quite as decently clad as the Indian Christians, and to have quite as correct an idea of the proprieties of life.

The few products of a more advanced civilization which these simple people need they procure by the sale of the spontaneous products of their forests, their tobacco (in other parts of the Philippines a government monopoly), and their woven goods. Some of the head-men, indeed, are quite wealthy, and able to live with all the comforts of civilized life, did they not prefer the primitive plainness of their forefathers. Physicians, or magicians, persons supposed to have superior powers, are unknown to them, a characteristic of their barbarous state essentially different from the reigning superstition which other similar races display. While they say they believe in one God, even in Christ, and have some of the external practices of Christianity, they employ them rather as spells than defined religious ceremonies. The men are skilled hunters and agriculturists, doing all the hard work, and the women are kindly treated. Indeed, Mr. Jagor's account of this wild tribe would seem to rank them high above the Christianized Indians of the cities and villages in all the genuine virtues of life. They are peaceful and honest, justice being rigorously administered on the principle of the *lex talionis*. For a child a child is slain, a woman for a woman, a man for a man, the nearest kinsman performing the part of avenger or executioner. The trouble is, that this retaliation again calls for a similar course, so the affair may become a regular matter of family feud, a sort of Corsican *vendetta*, which only ends with the extermination of all the contending parties. The similar practice among the North American Indians and several other races is well known. In other respects the Ygorrotes of Ysaróg

are distinguished by very unusual virtues as a people. As they were not permitted to have cocoa-palms for the preparation of wine, brandy, and vinegar, so that they might not infringe the monopoly of the *hacienda*, they made their visitor the bearer of a petition to the Manila government, asking for the favor. Their kindness to our traveler was well repaid, for his solicitations gained for them double what they requested in their quaint petition.

On his return route to Legáspi he shot some specimens of a very curious and gigantic bat, found only in these islands, the *panike*. These monstrous creatures, each of whose wings covers nearly five feet when extended, hang asleep during the day from the branches of the trees, and frequently their young are seen suckling them. When the mothers were first shot it was quite affecting to see how the little animals clung more and more firmly to the bodies of their parents. This pathetic delusion, however, like many in human nature, was soon dissipated. For, when the store of milk was exhausted, the old ones were deserted, like empty bottles. Man, after all, has many points of resemblance to the lower order of creation, and the Darwinian hypothesis would seem to get point from moral as well as physical reasons.

The whole coast was found to be in a state of consternation from the ravages of Moorish corsairs, who had been carrying on a wholesale pillage and kidnapping. The pirates had established a fortified position on several small islands convenient to the mainland, and from this coign of vantage pursued their operations with a reckless daring. Government vessels, or *faluds*, had been sent to drive away the buccaneers, but the latter laughed them to scorn, as the assailants did not know how to use their cannon, and, moreover, held the Moors in such dread as to take safety in flight at the slightest excuse. Between the inefficiency of the Manila and district authorities, the timidity of the government crews, who were almost entirely unskilled in the manipulation of arms, and the difficulty of pursuing the depredators through the tortuous bayous and channels which make a net-work of many parts of the coast, the corsairs of Suli were having their own way. A year or two after our author's residence in the Philippines, a fleet of light-draught steam-gunboats, which had been built in England expressly for the service, succeeded not only in ridding the Philippines of these fierce pests, but of "carrying the war into Africa," and inflicting a severe punishment on the Sultan of Suli by burning down his capital town, and driving him into the interior with a loss of most of his vessels and treasures.

Our traveler found the interior very difficult to traverse on account of the badness of the roads, and the extreme fear on the part of the people in regard to the pirates, who were ravaging on the coast and making inland incursions. Brief journeys and long stops were forced on him much to his annoyance. During one of his involuntary halts at the capital of the province he had an opportunity of witnessing the election of the district officials—a process typical of similar

acts all over the islands. The governor conducted the election in person, in the common hall, the *gobernadorcillos* and constables, with all those who had held the offices before them, being seated near by, and acting as electors. Each one wrote three names, and the one receiving the most votes was elected. The whole affair seemed to be conducted on the principle of a close corporation, and every precaution taken to keep the matter in the hands of the few.

On Mr. Jagor's departure from Legáspi to the island of Sámar, in a small schooner which happened to be making the trip in spite of the pirates, he lost his servant, Pepe, who had served him quite faithfully—that is, measured by the Philippine standard of faithfulness, which is by no means a high one. Pepe had just received his eight months' wages in a lump, and, as he had become a small capitalist, he wished to rest from his arduous labors for a while, and enjoy something of the *dolce far niente* to which he had lately been a stranger. None of the Philippine-Islanders could understand why any rational human being should go wandering about, enduring danger and privation, simply for the pleasure of travel and observation. The description given of the worthy Pepe is so lively and graphic that it is worth quoting:

"Pepe was good-natured, very skillful, and always good-tempered. He had learned much from the numerous Spanish soldiers and sailors resident in Cavite, his native place, where he used to be playfully called 'the Spaniard of Cavite.' Roaming from one place to another was his delight; and he quickly acquired acquaintances. He knew especially how to gain the favor of the ladies, for he possessed many social accomplishments, being equally able to play the guitar and to milk the buffalo-cows. When we came to a *pueblo* where a mestizo, or even a 'daughter of the country' (creole), dwelt, he would, when practicable, ask permission to milk a cow; and, after bringing the señora some of the milk, under pretext of being the interpreter of my wishes, he would maintain such a flow of ingeniously courteous conversation, praising the beauty and graces of the lady, and most modestly allowing his prodigious traveling adventures to be extracted from him, that both knight and esquire beamed with brilliant radiance. A present was always welcome, and brought us many a little basket of oranges; and buffalo-milk is excellent with chocolate—but it seemed as if one seldom has the opportunity of milking a cow. Unfortunately, Pepe did not like climbing mountains, and, when he was to have gone with me, he either got the belly-ache or gave away my strong shoes, or allowed them to be stolen; the native ones, however, being allowed to remain untouched, for he knew well that they were fit only for riding, and derived comfort from the fact. In company with me he worked quickly and cheerfully; but, when alone, it became tedious to him. Particularly he found friends who hindered him, and then he would abandon his skinning of the birds, which therefore became putrid and had to be thrown away. Packing was still more disagreeable to him, and consequently he did it as quickly as possible, though not always with sufficient care: as, on one occasion, he tied up, in one and the same bundle, shoes, arsenic-soap, drawings, and chocolate. Notwithstanding trifling faults of this kind, he was very useful and agreeable to me, but he would not willingly go to such an uncivilized place as Sámar."

As his feet had become sore and inflamed, no trifling ailment in a hot climate, most of our traveler's land-journeying was now for some time done by litter. A loose mat, very thick and pliable, is laid on a frame woven with bamboo basket-work, the projecting ends being borne on the shoulders of four robust *polistas*. About every ten minutes the bearers are changed, and, as a protection against sun and rain, the frame is furnished with a light roof of pandanus. Though by no means a bad method of journeying when the roads are difficult, the traveler was not sorry to reach the town of Loguelógun, on the river of the same name, which flows southward to the ocean in a succession of rapids. Here the governor had provided two small but well-manned boats, the crews of which were accustomed to their work, and were able hardy and skillful. Often they were obliged to make portages, and sometimes, in spite of the alacrity and coolness of the *voyagers*, the boats were nearly swamped. At some of the more considerable water-falls the boats were let down over the chasm by means of the lianas which hung from the magnificent forest-trees, a boundless supply of strong and flexible natural ropes manufactured ready to the hand of man.

The last part of this boat-journey was of great interest, the course of the river being through white calcareous cliffs of a species of marble, clothed with superb vegetation, flowering trailers hanging down to the very water's edge, and their blossoms waving like gorgeous butterflies over the foaming waves, which glanced among the rocks with a swift, snoring rush.

On this boat-journey opportunity offered of securing two live specimens of the macaque, or mago, an extremely rare and delicate animal, belonging to the class of semi-ape, and only found in the island of Sámár. These magos were very voracious, but disdained all vegetable food. They were even particular in their choice of insects, the live grasshopper being the favorite *bonne bouche* of this four-footed little epicure. It was extremely ludicrous, when one was fed in the daytime, to see the animal standing perched on his two thin legs, waving his bare tail ominously, and turning his large head—round and smooth as a billiard-ball, with very large, yellow, owl-like eyes—in every direction, looking like a dark lantern on a pedestal, with a circular swivel. Only gradually would he fix his eye on the object presented, but when he did perceive it he would immediately extend his little arms sideways, as though somewhat bashful; then, like a delighted child, would suddenly seize it with hand and mouth at once, and deliberately tear the prey to pieces. During the day the mago proved sleepy, short-nighted, and morose, but at night was agile, active, and good-natured in the extreme. They became quite tame and affectionate, but did not live long enough to enable their master to take them to Europe on his return, where they would have been great rarities.

Mr. Jagor, while traveling on the coast, met several Polynesians, who had been cast away on the island, having come from the Micronesian group, nearly a thousand miles away. There were many traditions of such

wonderful but involuntary voyages having been made before. The following extract from Captain Salmon's "History of the Oriental Islands," published in 1733, is a case in point:

"Father Clan (Clain), in a letter from Manila, which has been incorporated in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' makes the following statement respecting them: 'It happened that when he was in the town of Guivam, on the island of Sámár, he met twenty-nine Palaos (there had been thirty, but one died soon after in Guivam), or natives of certain recently-discovered islands, who had been driven thither by the east winds, which prevail from December to May. According to their own statement, they were driven about by the winds for seventy days, without getting sight of land, until they arrived opposite to Guivam. When they sailed from their own country, their two boats were quite full, carrying thirty-five souls, including their wives and children; but several had died miserably on the way from the fatigue which they had undergone. When some one from Guivam wished to go on board to them, they were thrown into such a state of terror that all who were in one of the boats sprang overboard, along with their wives and children. However, they at last thought it best to come into the harbor; so they came ashore on the 28th of December, 1696. They fed on coconuts and roots, which were charitably supplied to them, but refused even to taste cooked rice, which is the general food of the Asiatic nations. Two women, who had previously been cast away on the same islands, acted as interpreters for them. . . The people of the country went half-naked, and the men painted their bodies with spots and all kinds of devices. . . As long as they were on the sea they lived on fish, which they caught in a certain kind of fish-basket, with a wide mouth but tapering to a point at the bottom, which was dragged along underneath the boats; and rain-water, when they could catch it (or, as is stated in the letter itself, preserved in the shells of the cocoa-nut), served them for drink. When they were about to be taken into the presence of the father, whom, from the great respect which was shown to him, they took for the governor, they colored their bodies entirely yellow, an operation which they considered highly important, as enabling them to appear as persons of consideration.'"

It seems not improbable that there may have been many such castaways in times past, and that the inhabitants of the Philippines may have thus been much influenced by Polynesian contact, even as the people of the Western islands clearly display the influences exerted on them by the Chinese and Japanese. It would be in this way easy to account for many of the peculiarities of the Bisayans (inhabitants of Sámár and Léyte), so distinct from those of the Tagals and Bicolos.

Many parts of the Sámár coast proved to be extremely beautiful. Specially was this the case in the small strait dividing the two islands. On the west were steep banks of tufa, which would tolerate no mangroves on their borders. Here the lofty, primeval forest approaches in all its sublimity close to the shore, interrupted by groves of cocoa only here and there, in whose sharply-defined shadows are to be found solitary huts. The steep hills facing the sea, and numerous small, rocky islands, are crowned with little castles of coral blocks. At the eastern end of the strait the south coast of Sámár con-

sists of white limestone, like marble, but of quite modern date, which in many places forms precipitous cliffs.

At one place they project into the sea in a succession of picturesque rocks, above one hundred feet in height and rounded like a dome. These are thickly covered with glowing vegetation, and, corroded at the base by the waters of the sea, rise out of the waves like gigantic mushrooms. A peculiar atmosphere of enchantment pervades the locality, whose influence on the native mariner must be all the more powerful when, escaping from the billows outside and the buffeting of the northeast wind, he suddenly enters so tranquil a refuge. It is no wonder that superstition peopled these caverns with spirits.

Here the old Pintados (primitive inhabitants) interred their heroes and ancestors in well-locked coffins, surrounded by those objects held in most regard during life. Oftentimes the dead were embalmed with aromatic spices and wrapped up in costly cloths, while jewels were placed in their eyes, ears, and mouths, and the implements of eating and drinking left hard by. Slaves were also bound and immured alive at the funerals of great men, so that the departed chiefs could have their servants with them in the other world. The numerous coffins, ornaments, arms, and trinkets in many cases had remained undisturbed for centuries, protected by religious terrors. No boat ever would pass without the observance of special rites, derived from old heathen days, to propitiate the spirits, who were believed to have the power to inflict storm and shipwreck.

About thirty years since a zealous young monk felt his soul burn with wrath at these heathen abominations, and he determined to extirpate them by the very roots. He equipped several boats with crosses, banners, pictures of the saints, and all the improved machinery for driving out Satan, and led an expedition against the haunted rocks, which were climbed to the sound of music and prayer, and the loud report of fireworks. After holy water had been dashed by the bucketful into the cave, the young zealot rushed in with uplifted crucifix. Of course this daring onslaught was rewarded with a brilliant victory. The coffins were broken to fragments, and the mouldering bones hurled into the sea. So the objects of superstition were annihilated, but the superstition survives to the present time.

Our traveler tells us no legend could have supplied an enchanted royal sepulchre with a more suitable approach than one of these caverns. The rock rises out of the sea with perpendicular sides of marble, and only in one spot is to be observed a natural opening made by the water, hardly two feet above the surface. Through this low archway the boat glided into a spacious circular court, overarched by the sky, the floor covered by the sea and adorned with a rich garden of corals. By the steep sides, thickly hung with lianas, ferns, and orchids, one easily climbs up to the cavern sixty feet above the water.

One of the principal towns on the island, Basey, is celebrated for the superior endowments and laziness of its inhabitants. The



cura, or pastor, received our author with great hospitality, and gave him much aid in enlarging his collection in natural history. The natives of Basey practised a peculiar method of capturing crocodiles, which indi-



CUADRILLERO.

An Armed Escort fully equipped (Hat, Shirt, Drawers, and Weapons).

cated no little ingenuity. This contrivance consists of a light raft of bamboo with a stage, on which, several feet above the water, is placed a dog or a cat securely fastened. Alongside the animal is set a strong, sharp iron hook, secured to the swimming bamboo by means of the fibres of the *abaca*. The crocodile, when it has swallowed the bait and the hook, endeavors in vain to break away, for the pliability of the raft prevents its being torn to pieces, and the peculiar elasticity of the bundle of fibres causes it to be very difficult to bite through it. So the raft serves as a buoy for the captured animal.

The crocodile-hunters told Mr. Jagor that the largest of the great reptiles, who were sometimes, it was said, forty feet in length, lived far away from all human habitations, generally selecting oozy swamps, overgrown with thick vegetation. Their bellies dragging along leave infallible trails for the eyes of the initiated. The parties sent out failed to obtain one of the largest size, whose skeleton the traveler was anxious to secure and take back to Europe, the old patriarchs being exceedingly wary and cunning, and not to be seduced from their haunts by any trivial device.

Shortly afterward, in the neighboring island of Léyte, however, a lake was visited which gratified the naturalist's cravings without difficulty. Here the fishermen on their loosely-bound rafts of bamboo, sinking half a foot deep in the water, moved about among an incredible number of saurians of huge

size, both parties seeming to view each other with great indifference. It was quite striking to see the fearlessness with which little girls waded out into the water within a few feet of the monsters. Fortunately the latter were amply supplied with their rations of fish, of which the lake contained a vast quantity.

In the environs of Basey the Ignatius bean grows in large quantities, though not found elsewhere. Its field of propagation is very limited, and efforts to raise it from the seed seem to have been not very successful. In these seeds is found strychnine. It is used in many households of the Philippines as a remedy, and is highly prized by the natives for its effects, which are quite exhilarating when properly and prudently governed. The bean is generally believed by the more ignorant and superstitious natives to possess magical qualities, many of them wearing it as an amulet around the neck. It is supposed to protect the owner against poison, contagion, and philters, so that indeed the devil in *propria persona* could not hurt the wearer. Superstition has ascribed all kinds of miracles to the Ignatius bean, in spite of the protestation and argument of the worthy fathers, who wish to have a monopoly of the miracle-making business for themselves.

The inhabitants of the islands of Samar and Léyte are Bisayans, a race different in many respects from the Tagals and Bicolans of the island of Luzon, and much inferior to the latter both in *physique* and character. Some of their customs are quite singular and worthy of a few brief notes. There being no markets, the buyer is obliged to seek his wares in the different houses, and in like manner the seller offers his goods. An Indian seeking to borrow money has to give ample security and pay heavy interest. He rarely is permitted to borrow more than five dollars at a time, for which sum he can be legally imprisoned in default of payment. If the debtor fails, he frequently parts with one of his children, who serves the lender for his bare food, till the debt is extinguished.

Our author met a young man who had so served for five years in liquidation of a debt of his father; in another case a pretty young girl who had loaned herself for nearly the same time to settle a debt of three dollars. It was no uncommon thing for a native to borrow two and a half dollars to purchase his exemption from the forty days of annual service, and then to work a whole year in the service of the creditor to expunge the debt.

The principle of serving to get possession of a wife is quite general in this section of the Philippines. The suitor has to labor in the house of the bride's parents for two, three, even five years, before he can take his bride home, and even money cannot buy exemption from this onerous duty. He not only labors, but is obliged to furnish all his own food except the rice. The girls are kept under very rigid control by parental authority, in order to increase the time of the lover's servitude as much as possible.

Of ancient traditions, legends, or ballads, there are next to none among this race. They have songs at their dances, but mostly spiritless improvisations, and pitched to a high,

monotonous key. They have not preserved any memorials of former civilization, and their pagan forefathers built no temples, each one performing religious rites in his own house. It was only on certain occasions that the old Bisayans celebrated the grand festival called Pandat, and worshiped in huts (expressly built to accommodate the idols), covered with foliage, and adorned with flowers and lamps. Among their gods they numbered their fathers and grandfathers, whose images were kept in the house, like the lares and penates of the old Romans.

One of the main drawbacks to the prosperity of the Philippines has been the tobacco monopoly on the part of the government, which has made the cultivation, manipulation, and sale of the plant the object of most jealous precaution.

The Manila cigars are of fine quality and flavor, and wealthy merchants throughout the Oriental ports, to whom price is no object, prefer them to the best Havana brands. In Europe, however, the Manila cigars are steadily losing their reputation, owing to the uncertain crop, the system of compulsory labor, and the peculiar restrictions laid on the growth and manufacture. The manufacture of sugar, hemp, and palm-oil, all of which might be made important articles of export, also languish under the hide-bound system of Spanish colonial policy.

Mr. Jagor, who observes in his extensive journey through the islands with the eye of a trained and impartial traveler, sees in this richly-favored group a magnificent future, but finds little hope for the full development of their resources except in the influence exerted by the United States in its trade-relations with Eastern Asia. Directly in the



A BISAYAN INDIAN WOMAN.

track of this trade, the Philippines cannot fail to profit largely by it, and ultimately the governmental policy will be forced to square itself with the more liberal notions of the age.



## THE LITTLE JOANNA.\*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A CHANCE MEETING.

For some days the weather had been showery at Basilwood, and young Hendall, accustomed of late to an out-door life, began to weary of the house, and to weary still more, it must be confessed, of his aunt. His first thought, therefore, when he saw the sun shine out, was to escape.

"I think," he mused aloud, "I will spend the morning in the garden."

"No, Arthur," said Mrs. Basil, as though she were speaking to a child, "the garden is damp, and you are not well. Besides, people don't spend whole mornings in a garden merely for pleasure."

"Very stupid of people, then," said Arthur. "Now I like the looks of this old garden, I need fresh air, and I'll have out my camp-stool, and spend the morning there."

"Oh, very well, Arthur," said Mrs. Basil, her head rather higher than usual; "if you wish to have another chill. But I'm sure Dr. Garnet wouldn't advise it. And you must excuse me from accompanying you; I never go out in the morning, it is damp. But I'll order your camp-stool carried out, if you are determined to have your own imprudent way."

"Thank you, aunt," said Arthur, "I can wait upon myself."

But this Mrs. Basil would not permit him to do. Old Thurston, summoned in haste from his work, came in, grimy and grumbling, shouldered the camp-stool, and, limping ostentatiously, led the way to the desired spot, at the end of a broad walk, where the shadow of a grape-trellis made a charming tracery on the gravel.

The old Jack-at-all-trades, being, as usual, behindhand in some all-important job, was not pleased to be called upon to lug chairs out of the house, when there were benches under the scuppernong arbor, and seats in the little alcove where the oleanders grew, if people must sit out-of-doors. He decided in his own mind that this young man was "no 'count, and given to high airs;" but he quickly changed his opinion, when, as he put down the camp-stool, he perceived that Arthur had taken out his pocket-book. Nothing conciliated old Thurston like a tender of fractional currency.

"It's not roomatiz that disjoints you," he remarked, encouragingly, with a pretense of not observing the pocket-book.

"Not much," said Arthur, extending his hand, a motion for which old Thurston, with all his seeming unconcern, was on the alert.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said he, bowing idolatrously. "It used to be silver; but times is changed. If it isn't roomatiz, you'll get over it. I wish you may marry rich."

No better wish could old Thurston devise for any man.

"Marry rich," repeated Arthur, as the old negro moved away. "Twice in as many days has this wisdom of the aged been thrust upon me."

The garden was a wilderness of bloom and verdure; the breeze came laden with the scent of apple-blossoms and the lulling murmur of bees; and the young man, abandoned to the soothing languor of the scene, hardly appreciated the perfect calm of his retreat, until it was disturbed by the discordant scream of a Guinea-hen, mingled with occasional cries of "Shoo, shoo!" and followed by the patter of feet in rapid pursuit.

Young Hendall, weakened by illness, was in that uncertain state when the veriest trifle becomes an intolerable burden, but when, also, the simplest diversion may prove a benefit. He glanced around with a look of helpless exasperation, and as the Guinea-hen, with its peculiar, swaying gait, and half-suppressed cry, emerged from the shelter of one of the long alleys, he threw his pocket-knife with angry violence at the frightened creature, which, squalling wildly, fled with accelerated speed.

The next instant he started to his feet in surprise, for immediately in front of him stood the Guinea-hen's breathless pursuer, a sun-browned, thin-visaged little maiden, with scarcely a trait of beauty, save the large, dark, unfathomable eyes, that, in spite of their direct and fearless glances, seemed to reveal nothing of the young soul that looked through them; only the mobile mouth, with its thin and flexible scarlet lips, disclosing the white but slightly irregular teeth, seemed to contradict the steadfast eyes, and proclaim the impetuosity and vehemence of her nature.

The two confronted each other for a few seconds, silent with embarrassment. Arthur Hendall could not identify this apparition with Judge Basil's granddaughter, for he had not supposed that the "child" of whom his aunt spoke lived at Basilwood; neither could he believe that this delicately-formed, graceful little creature belonged to that Griswold family, concerning whom he had heard quite enough from Mrs. Basil to satisfy him that they were people of an altogether different type from this.

But Joanna, though she had never seen this young man before, knew perfectly well who he was; he was the *master of Basilwood*; and at the thought the tears rose up and almost overcame her.

"Would you—would you, then, have killed my Guinea-hen?" she faltered, clasping her thin, brown hands with nervous force.

The blood rushed to Arthur Hendall's handsome face, and he said, quite contritely:

"I beg your pardon; but I am sick and cross."

Now, Joanna had ceased to consider this young gentleman as a hero ever since Miss Basil had been forbidden to sing. She looked upon him as an intruder and a tyrant, and if she had not yet made the attempt to "worry the life out of him," it was simply because she had not found out how to do so

without compromising her dignity; and Mrs. Basil herself was not more tender on that point than this little Joanna.

"I suppose it is because you are sick and cross, then, that you put a stop to the singing?" she asked, with a comical fierceness.

"Was it you that sang?" Arthur asked, incredulously.

Joanna shrugged her shoulders with impatience—a trick she had inherited from her French ancestry.

"I can't sing like that," she said, with unconscious satire.

"It was atrocious," said Arthur, laughing lightly, and rising as he spoke, for he saw that this little oddity was neither to be considered a rustic nor yet a child.

"No matter," retorted Joanna, who could not deny that charge; "it is the only—solace Pamela has when I—aggravate her."

Young Hendall felt instinctively that it would not do to laugh.

"And has the singing really ceased?" he asked, gravely. "Does she sing no more, this Pamela, whoever she may be?"

"Of course it has stopped at *your* command, Mr. Arthur Hendall," said Joanna, with bitter emphasis.

At the sound of his own name, Arthur started. Who could this girl be that seemed to know him so well? And who was this Pamela whose cause she so warmly espoused?

"It was an outrageous noise," he said, with the natural combativeness of a young man who would be always right. "You yourself must acknowledge that it was fearfully shrill?"

"But it hurt her feelings," said Joanna, with the natural evasiveness of a woman who will not be convinced—"I know it hurt her feelings, though she did not say a word."

"Did it hurt your feelings, too?" asked Arthur, with interest.

"It made me very angry!" said Joanna, with a sudden rush of color. "Before that I was sorry for you; but now, indeed—"

"Pray tell Pamela, then, that I beg she will begin to sing again," said Arthur, good-naturedly, seeing that Joanna did not intend to finish her sentence.

Contrary to his expectation, however, this did not conciliate Joanna; she resented this permission as a tyrant's condescension. With a dignity that would have done honor to Mrs. Basil herself, she answered:

"Pamela is Miss Basil; I alone have the right to call her Pamela; and I decline to deliver your message."

Young Hendall, who could not understand the secret of Joanna's indignation, naturally resented being thus snubbed.

"It is not of the slightest importance," he said, coldly, and sat down with an air of putting a peremptory end to the interview.

Joanna immediately turned away with a miserable sense of defeat.

"He'll usurp the garden next," she said to herself, "and then what is to become of me? I shall be banished—banished! I wish, oh, I do wish I could sing like Pamela! I'd hide in the thickets, and terrify his very soul!"

At this stage of her angry soliloquy she

\* Extracted, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. Appleton & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

had reached the little alcove where the oleanders grew, and here she sat down and burst into a passion of weeping; but she could hardly have explained, even to herself, the secret of her tears. It was not that she felt herself banished from the garden, for in her heart she knew that she did not mean to abandon one of her favorite haunts, though she should stumble upon the usurper at every step; it was not that she could not sing like Pamela, for she was very, very far from desiring that shrill accomplishment, and farther still from any intention of imperiling her dignity by singing in the thickets; and certainly it was not, because Mr. Arthur Hendall had thrown his knife at her Guinea-hen, for she had quite forgotten that; neither was it because the sight of the master of Basilwood had been too much for her. No, if the truth must be told, Joanna wept because she was painfully conscious of her short and ill-setting skirts! Ah, had she glided down those garden-walks in trailing draperies, like the grand ladies she read of, or even like that odious Miss Ruffner, how differently "the grand-mamma's" nephew might have regarded her! For Joanna had seen in young Hendall something more than the master of Basilwood: she had seen in him a finished young gentleman of the great world; and she—her skirts didn't set well; she didn't understand gores, and neither did Pamela.

But, had Joanna appeared to young Hendall in all the glory of the latest mode, he doubtless would have beat a hasty retreat, for he was in no mood to exchange compliments with a lady of fashion. Joanna, in her faded brown linen, with her straw hat, which the sun and wind had tanned, hanging half off her graceful head, and her crisp, sun-burned hair, blown in picturesque confusion about a face that glowed like a sun-ripened peach, was an apparition far more agreeable to him just then. She suited the old garden so well, he thought, that, ignorant who she might be, he could have fancied her, poetic youth that he was, an oread or a hamadryad, except that there was so much of the malice of a clever child about her. His first question on entering the house was:

"Aunt, what is that little brown thing running wild about the garden?"

"Indeed, Arthur, I seldom go into the garden now, it is so ill-kept of late," answered Mrs. Basil, glancing up, with a barely audible sigh, from the slipper she had undertaken to embroider for him. "Is it not the weed they call 'pusley'?"—for, naturally, she thought that he was asking a botanical question.

Arthur laughed.

"No, that is not her name, I am sure," said he. "I am not speaking of a weed; I mean that queer little brown girl, with the brown dress, like a furniture-cover, you know?" (If Joanna had heard that!)

"Oh," said Mrs. Basil, with as much indifference as she could command, and pausing deliberately to pick out a false stitch, and telling herself again that her nephew had a great deal of levity for a Hendall. "You must excuse my dullness; but it was not my fault that I did not understand you," she said, coldly, when she had rectified the mis-

take in her work. "I suppose you must mean the little Joanna, Judge Basil's granddaughter."

"But you said that Judge Basil's granddaughter is a child?" objected Arthur, with marked surprise.

"She is a child," reiterated Mrs. Basil, decisively. On that point she was firm.

"And why did you not tell me that she lives here?" asked Arthur, suspiciously.

"Why should I boast of my good deeds?" replied Mrs. Basil, with comfortable pride.

"Surely, my husband's granddaughter may have a home at Basilwood while I live?"

"Surely, as long as she likes, poor little thing!" exclaimed Arthur, with ready sympathy.

"But, understand, Arthur, that I am not responsible for her training and conduct. Miss Basil, the judge's cousin, has had exclusive charge of her from her infancy, and Miss Basil is—simply my house-keeper. I fear that she is no very judicious guardian for the child; but that, of course, is not my affair." And Mrs. Basil looked at her nephew as if she wished to add, "nor yours."

"And this Miss Basil, your house-keeper, is she as fiendish as her singing?"

"Arthur!" said Mrs. Basil, reprovingly, "you should not employ such expressions. Miss Basil's voice is shrill, I know; she herself is a plain, inoffensive creature."

"I hope she is good to Joanna," said Arthur.

"That need not concern you," said his aunt, coldly. "Though I may state, *en passant*" (how pleasant it was to air her colloquial French!), "that I should resolutely discountenance any unfairness to the child; she is the judge my husband's granddaughter. But what does very naturally concern you, Arthur, is this: I have a letter from Jane Ruffner. She was to have spent part of the summer with me; but she writes, now, that she will be with Mrs. Stargold, who has taken a house here in Middleborough for the summer."

"I am heartily sorry to hear it," said Arthur, frowning. "I shall have to be capering over there, I suppose, to pay my respects?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'capering over there'; I suppose you will ride over and call, as a gentleman should," said Mrs. Basil, in an injured tone; but she didn't picture to herself how a Hendall, young and handsome, must look mounted on bony old Black Hawk, the solitary horse of the Basilwood stables. "I don't know," she continued, in the same aggrieved manner—"I'm sure I don't know why my cousin couldn't come to me. I wrote and asked her; but I suppose she is under Jane Ruffner's direction."

"You couldn't have made the old lady comfortable," said Arthur, bluntly; "which I consider a fortunate circumstance, myself, for, of all regular bores, our estimable cousin is the chief."

"Arthur!" said Mrs. Basil, with displeasure. "I wonder at you; I do, indeed. You should not permit yourself to speak so disrespectfully of your own relations. The habit will grow upon you, and betray you, some day, to your cost. For prudence' sake, as

you hope to stand well with Mrs. Stargold, whose ability to—*to serve you* is not to be despised, pray be more guarded in your speech."

"What possesses the old soul to come to Middleborough, of all places?" said Arthur, with what his aunt considered hopeful interest.

"I consider it a very significant step," said she, with an air of mystery. "This is probably her last summer on earth; poor Cousin Elizabeth, by all accounts, is failing rapidly. The Ruffners are to be with her—did I tell you?"

"The three?" said Arthur. "That's a good arrangement. Sam is such a good-natured fellow, he can do all the errands; old Jane can do the honors, and Mrs. Ruffner can gather entertaining gossip. I don't think Cousin Elizabeth will feel the want of my attentions."

"She would have been much better under my roof," said Mrs. Basil, despondently. "But don't say 'old Jane,' my dear Arthur; she is your third cousin, and, with all her faults, a very imposing woman. As to Mrs. Ruffner, she is allied to us only by marriage, and is indeed, as you say, given to gossip; I trust, therefore, that you will be discreet in your speech."

Arthur was silent; perhaps he felt that his aunt's advice was good.

"You think me a mercenary old woman, my dear," Mrs. Basil said, with a sad smile, seeing that he would not speak. "But you are yet full of the arrogance of youth; you think the world's your oyster now, and you expect to open it with your sword; when you're older, you'll know better. Money is a good thing to have."

"Oh, I understand you, aunt," said Arthur, "and I'm much obliged to you, you know. Of course, I should like some of Mrs. Stargold's money, but I—can't bow and cringe for it, I can't."

"My dear, no!" said Mrs. Basil, hastily. She would fain have shown herself indifferent to Mrs. Stargold's wealth; but, alas! poverty forbade; or so, at least, she excused herself to herself. "I would not see you 'bow and cringe'; pray don't use such language, Arthur. But I would not have you slight your opportunities. To say nothing of the service you rendered"—Arthur made an impatient movement, but his aunt would not notice it—"you have a much nearer claim than the Ruffners upon Mrs. Stargold. Her father, George Hendall he was, and the Ruffners' grandmother were only cousins; but George Hendall was your grandfather's half-brother.—Why do you laugh, Arthur? I'm sure it's creditable to understand one's family connection."

"But where are the long-deceased Stargold's relations?" asked Arthur. "Are you going to leave them out of the account?"

"There are none," said Mrs. Basil, with satisfaction. "Besides, far the greater part of Mrs. Stargold's wealth, you know, was inherited from her brother, Francis Hendall; and you are the last of the name, Arthur; I'm sure that's something in your favor."

"Francis Hendall—was he not reputed a black sheep?" asked Arthur, with a grim-

acc. "Perhaps my bearing the name may be rather a disadvantage to me."

"You seem determined to put yourself at a disadvantage, Arthur," said his aunt, with a sigh that was half regret and half admiration. She liked high-toned sentiments, she really believed, better than money. "Francis Hendall has been dead a quarter of a century. I don't think we should recall his faults."

"I know nothing of his faults," said Arthur, bluntly; "and care still less."

"He was—erratic," said Mrs. Basil, with an air as though the delicate word covered a multitude of sins; "and we have agreed in the family never to discuss him."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A CHANGE OF HEART.

The little Joanna's tears were bitter enough while they lasted; but, at the age of seventeen, with no weightier cause for grief than short, ill-setting skirts, one does not weep long, and soon she wiped her eyes and went in search of Pamela. She still retained the childish habit of following Miss Basil about in her daily avocations, notwithstanding the dawning consciousness that she had begun to outgrow the somewhat restricted intelligence of her prosaic cousin.

She found the object of her search in the dairy, the products of which, under Miss Basil's thrifty management, added a very acceptable fraction to Mrs. Basil's small income. But Joanna made no offer of assistance, not because she had not the will to be useful, but because her thoughts were so busy with other subjects.

"Pamela," said she, gravely, "don't you wish you were rich?"—a question not at all *à propos*, it would seem, to the churn that Miss Basil was filling.

"Such wishes are but waste of time, child," said Miss Basil. "A little reflection would show you that they lead to discontent."

"But I don't feel like reflecting," said Joanna, moving about recklessly; "I feel like wishing. Pamela, if somebody were to leave you a great deal of money, what would you do?"

"There is nobody to leave me any money," said Miss Basil, with decision.

"But if—*if*?" persisted Joanna.

"It is dangerous to tamper with 'ifs,'" said Miss Basil, sententiously. "Learn contentment, child."

"I know what I would do," said Joanna, utterly regardless of the sound advice; "I'd have dresses like the ladies in the fashion-plates, and sit under the apple-trees, and read 'Quentin Durward' all day long."

"And spoil your fine clothes, besides wasting your time," said Miss Basil, grimly. "Don't be silly, Joanna; youth is a time of delusion, and, unless you accept my experience—"

"O Pamela! I wish you wouldn't!" Joanna interrupted, with a deprecating gesture. "Can't you understand that your experience

would fit me about as well as your old shoes?"

It is altogether vain for Age to hope that Youth will blindly accept the wisdom so carefully sifted from the chaff of life; for it is the chaff that shines so attractively to eyes not yet dimmed by care and sorrow. But this Miss Basil could not understand. She heard Joanna with amazement, not unmingled with indignation; but a vague intuition of her inability to cope with this ardent young spirit in its incipient struggle against the trammels of its narrow life withheld her from hazarding a direct comment.

"Joanna," she said, authoritatively, after a startled look of a moment's duration, "there are a dozen towels in the linen-press to be hemmed; go hem them. It is half-past ten o'clock; you've been idle long enough."

It was not wisdom that actuated Miss Basil; she spoke in sheer desperation; but she could not have chosen a more effectual method of closing the debate. Much as Joanna fretted at her cousin's obtuseness of imagination, she had no thought of defiance. She went obediently for the towels; but she did not return with them to the dairy.

"It is not so very bad to hem towels," she said, with a little sigh, as she addressed herself to her task, "but it is dreadful to hem one's soul down according to precept and example. Pamela does not understand me."

This was exactly the conclusion at which Miss Basil herself had arrived.

"Mercy guide us!" she cried, devoutly, clasping her head with her hands when Joanna had left her; "the child sets me wild! I don't understand her. To think that, after all my drilling in the catechism that I've never spared, and all the texts of Scripture that I've stored her mind with, she should be so given to the vanities of dress! And I always give her good advice, the very best advice, if she would only heed it. What can the child want more?"

But the little Joanna wanted sympathy, that subtle balm, the nature of which Miss Basil, kind and pitiful though she was in all cases of physical suffering, could not understand where only tastes and fancies were concerned.

And thus it had come to pass that Joanna had made to herself a friend of the old garden. To flit like a butterfly from one sunlit alley to another was a pastime she could not forego, though a lion barred the way. Indeed, to her daring nature, any risk to be run, any peril to be overcome, rendered any undertaking but the more irresistible. Not that she looked upon Arthur Hendall as a lion, however. Had she now been disposed to draw a comparison from the animal kingdom, she would hardly have employed the king of beasts as she had done, so much to Miss Basil's annoyance, the morning of young Hendall's arrival. She refused to recognize in this tyrant and usurper any obstacle to her daily pleasure; she assured herself that she neither hoped nor feared to meet him—and so she continued to tend assiduously the flower-borders that nobody else at Basilwood cared for.

And, of course, she met young Hendall;

he had little else to do just now but stroll about at his pleasure; and, however she might avoid him, she was sure to encounter him at some unexpected turn of those extensive grounds, and he was sure to smile and bow, and wish her good-morning in a manner well calculated to efface her prejudice. If she rested in some shady corner the better to escape him, he invariably discovered her hiding-place—quite accidentally, of course. If ever a young man and a maiden, each on a separate course, stray down "blossoming ways," however spacious the garden, their steps inevitably converge, and that old and charming *commedia a soggetto* of "Cupid among the Roses" is sure to be played again, for the actors need no prompting.

Joanna had met young Hendall morning after morning in the wide gravel-walks, and had always passed him abruptly and defiantly, in spite of his ingratiating salutation; but one morning he surprised her in a remote nook, seated at the foot of a half-ruined vase of brickwork, in which some degenerate specimens of verberna were struggling for existence.

"A pleasant morning to you, little Joanna," he said, smiling down benignly upon her from his superior height.

"Good-morning," answered the little Joanna, with a sudden flush, and a tumult in her ears that her beating heart did make. It was the first time "the grandmamma's nephew" had addressed her by name; and it seemed to her as though he had suddenly overleaped a great barrier. She had resented as an unwarrantable familiarity his calling Miss Basil "Pamela;" but it could not occur to her to resent the use of her own name in that way, for, as every one called her "the little Joanna," it seemed perfectly natural that he also should address her thus; yet, coming from him, the sound of her own name was so unexpected that for the moment it deprived her of the power, almost of the wish, to retreat. She was mending the handle of a large willow-basket with a piece of faded ribbon, and she bent over her task now with fingers trembling visibly.

"Give me that," said Arthur, laying violent hands upon the basket; "I'll mend it for you."

"No, no, no!" said Joanna, excitedly, and clinging to the basket as though it were an ægis; "I say no! I must be going!"

"You always 'go,'" said the young man, reproachfully. "I think you might sometimes stay to amuse me; it is so stupid."

Joanna looked at him askance. The idea that this young gentleman, who had seen the world, could be amused by her, was preposterous.

"But I must go," said she, decidedly. "Pamela has given me something to do."

"Always that dreadful 'Pamela!'" said Arthur, impatiently.

"I have told you," corrected Joanna, with dignity, "that she is *Miss Basil*."

"But that is so indefinite," objected Arthur; "and I have a devouring curiosity about you Basila."

"To be in the house all this time, and not know who Pamela is!" said Joanna, with a little toss of indignation.



"How should I know when you hold yourselves always aloof?" said Arthur, apologetically.

Joanna colored.

"We breakfast and dine very early," said she. "It is very—*plebeian*, I know; but—it is convenient and better for the health. Pamela does not approve of a late breakfast."

"Which is a great pity," said Arthur; "for my aunt and I do not approve of an early one. People have a chance of becoming sociable when they take their meals together. I might have learned the whole family history of the Basils by this time, and no doubt I should have been very much entertained; but, as it is, I am still an ignorant stranger, and dreadfully bored for lack of a little enlightenment."

"Oh!" said Joanna; but the brief monosyllable expressed a volume. She knew very little of the family history of the Basils, except that they were of French extraction, and she shrank from betraying her ignorance of her kindred to a young man who was known to be, in the grandmamma's phrase, "so very well connected." She was anxious to do justice to her position as the *young lady of the Basil family*, but her inexperience in the ways of society embarrassed her not a little. She readily perceived that there was a certain tone about young Hendall quite different from any thing she had ever studied in the way of "manners;" but, ready as she was, she could not imitate it upon the spur of the moment; and, not knowing what reply to make to his bantering speech, she only said "Oh!" rather despairingly, and under her breath, as it were. Then, after what seemed to her a fearfully long pause, she added, with sudden resolution, "But I must go!" and smothered a little sigh, as she rose. Her conscience smote her for relenting, or wishing to relent, toward this tyrant and usurper.

"And I must go with you," said Arthur.

"Why?" asked Joanna, rather startled.

"*Pour me désennuyer*," he said, not unwilling to dazzle and mystify this simple maiden, like the very young man that he was; but for his punishment, Joanna, with a radiant smile, exclaimed:

"Oh, I understand you! I know French, for my ancestors, you see, were French—and so I thought it a shame not to know their language. Pamela could not have me regularly instructed; it was—inconvenient; so I learned by myself as well as I could, until last summer there came a little old French lady to board in that brick-house—did you notice it, a little way back from the road as you come out from town? Nobody lives there now; but the people that did live there took this poor French lady to board. She was an invalid, and Pamela sent her fruit every day—Pamela is very good to the sick, you know. Well, I carried the fruit myself, and the dear old madame was very kind. From her I—acquired the true accent; and, Mr. Hendall," she added, complacently, "I think your accent is very good."

If one had suddenly struck him, Arthur could not have been more thoroughly as-

tounded. It was no small surprise to find that this little rustic knew French, and had learned it, one might almost say, by sheer force of will; but the patronizing tone in which she expressed her flattering opinion of his accent was hard on his vanity. Yet Joanna had not meant to be patronizing. She spoke nothing but the simple truth when she said that she knew French; and, as she was neither shy nor vain, she had not hesitated to pronounce, in her straightforward way, what she felt was a correct as well as a favorable judgment. But young Hendall was, for a brief moment, deprived of the power of speech. He walked by her side in silence, undetermined whether to accompany her or to turn back; for he began to fear that he should like the little Joanna none the better for her knowledge of French. However, as she manifested no disposition to make a display of her hard-won accomplishment, he took courage, and asked (in English) what she was going to do with her basket.

"I am going to gather roses for Pamela."

"But what can she mean to do with that great basketful? Is she going to give a May-party?"

"Oh, no," Joanna answered, with a sigh and a smile, as if divided between admiration and regret; "Pamela would not waste her time on a May-party, I'm afraid. You see, she—*utilizes* every thing," she continued, in an explanatory manner; "for she is a—*an* extraordinary manager. She doesn't like to see any thing wasted. Now, these roses, they bloom, and wither, and—and—are *exhausted* away to no profit; so this year Pamela is going to try an experiment. She is always ready for an experiment, and she is almost always successful. She has an excellent recipe for making rose-water, and that is what she wants with the roses."

"And then what will she do with so much rose-water?" Arthur asked.

"Oh, it is good for many things," said Joanna; "and she will have some to sell. She wouldn't take the trouble if she didn't think it would *pay*."

"A remarkable woman Miss Basil must be," said Arthur. "She makes every edge cut, doesn't she?"

"I don't know what you mean," Joanna answered, coloring high. "She *must* be managing, because, you know, we are not rich. Basilwood"—she stopped suddenly, overpowered by emotion.

Young Hendall understood her without further words. "Basilwood shall always be your home, always," he said, with warmth. "My aunt wishes you to understand that—and so do I."

"Mine and 'Mela's? We shall never have to go away?" Joanna asked, eagerly.

"Never on our account, be sure," answered Arthur.

Joanna did not attempt to express her surprise and gratitude in any way. She raised her hand furtively to brush away a tear, and then said, very quietly, but with a sigh in which a great weight was lifted from her heart:

"It is a tangled place where the roses grow. I think you had better not come. The grandmamma told Pamela that the doctor

says you are to keep very quiet and not exert yourself." But these simple words, expressed with genuine feeling, bore testimony to the total change her sentiments toward the tyrant and usurper had now undergone.

"I shan't exert myself to obey him," said Arthur. "I like roses entirely too well." And he followed Joanna to the tangled spot where the roses grew—rather, however, because Joanna interested him than because he cared so much for the flowers.

And Joanna, innocently glad to have him go with her, said nothing further to discourage him.

## BITTER FRUIT:

A STORY IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE CHAPTERS.\*

(From Advance-Sheets.)

### THE PROLOGUE.—(PARIS.)

MADAME THÉODORE, fashionable *modiste*, etc., understood the situation at a moment's glance. It was a splendidly-furnished apartment in the Rue Castiglione, into which she, and the grand dress she had brought with her, had been ushered. The depth of madame's knowledge of human nature was highly creditable, saving always that in width it was limited to that portion of human nature which fell within the scope of her business experience—the vanity of women. She knew that this vanity was equally the begueter of great extravagance and profitable expenditure—of great extravagance and unprofitable loss; and she felt, moreover, that the entire *raison d'être* for her own existence in the economy of Parisian life, nay, in the very world itself, lay in that same cardinal sin, vanity.

It would, probably, have interested Madame Théodore, and it would certainly have widened the limits of her knowledge, had she known that her theory, vanity, did not account for the creation of the splendid dress she had brought with her—that its creation, its bedeckings of costly lace and other trimmings, were due, not to vanity, but to vexation of spirit, to heart-breaking sorrow, to sadness and despair. But, after all, theory would have been of small interest in comparison with the question of practical payment; and madame's doubt on this point had caused her to accompany the dress to its destination.

"Splendid apartments, no doubt," muttered Madame Théodore, discontentedly; "every thing that mortals can want, but money—not a sou, I'll warrant, to bless themselves with—mortals with every thing that

\* This story is founded on a drama of the same title produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, on the 6th of October, 1873. The author desires to acknowledge how greatly the success of the play was due to the power, pathos, and tenderness of Miss Bateman's creation of the *role of Nurse Graham*; nor can he forget the pathetic and manly rendering which the character of *Colonel Murray* received at the hands of the late Mr. Richard Bateman—a future of excellent promise, and a mind of charm and culture, lost in the Eastern seas.

money can buy always want money—I shall be ruined!" Ruin meant the loss of seventy per cent. clear profit. "This Monsieur Travers, what is he?—a gambler? This Madame Travers, what is she?" And Madame Théodore shrugged her shoulders significantly.

A little innocent-looking provincial maid entered the room. In the mind of Madame Théodore, innocence was another name for ignorance, and from her own vantage-ground of knowledge she heartily despised the little waiting-maid.

"Madame will see you directly," said the girl, deferentially. "You've brought home the dinner-dress?"

"Yes, alas!" replied Madame Théodore.

"Why alas?"

"Come, my dear," said Madame Théodore, in tones of great affability; "we dress-makers and maids ought to know one another; we can work so nicely together—you understand. Money all right, hey? Don't speak—a nod's enough for me."

"I think so. Oh, yes."

"I think not—oh, no. Who gave you that ring?" she inquired, casting a hungry eagle glance at a ring the little maid held on her finger. "A sweetheart? Lucky girl!"

"No, madame," replied the girl, blushing.

"A ring, and not a sweetheart! Still luckier."

"What's it worth, madame?"

"Do you want to sell it?—sell a gift—for your wages couldn't buy such a ring? Fickle girl—oh, fie!"

"Gift or not, I want to sell it."

"You mean, madame wants to sell it," replied Madame Théodore, with a sudden home-thrust.

"I never said so," exclaimed the girl.

"No, my love; but I'm as good a judge of the truth as I am of precious stones. Let me look at it!" And Madame Théodore snatched the ring from the unwilling maid. "It's a pretty ring enough—not pure water, though—there's a flaw in that stone! the setting's old-fashioned—a family affair, I should think."

"Its value, madame?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Hum!—it's about worth what it was meant to pay for—that dress."

"Only that!"

"That's twelve hundred francs, my dear, and very moderate. Remember that I am Madame Théodore. You pay for genius in dress-making, my child, as you pay for it in painting and the other fine arts. I don't mind twenty francs for your commission!"

"Why, madame said it cost double that."

"Ah, my innocent lamb," said Madame Théodore, contemptuously, as she returned the ring, "precious stones are bought for one price and sold for another; they are bought with money—they are sold for want. As you will," she continued, with affected indifference; "only recollect that I am a woman, with a woman's sentimental weakness for diamonds. Try the Jews; their weakness is hard profit."

"I don't know where I can go to in Paris," murmured the girl, "and madame wants the money immediately."

"She can have it, then," and Madame Théodore drew the notes from her pocket. "Take them, my child, if you will—only be quick about it. I always make a fool of myself over diamonds; but I dearly love the crispness of bank-notes, and in another minute I may repent."

"Here's the ring, madame."

"And here's your twenty francs commission," said Madame Théodore, graciously; and she placed the ring in her pocket with evident satisfaction.

"I think, my dear," she continued, "you will shortly be in want of another situation."

"I will never leave madame—never," replied the girl, earnestly. "I love her so, poor thing!"

"A very pleasing sentiment, my love; but in all probability she will leave you—then come to me. I have great opportunities of recommending girls I like to my customers. By-the-by, character from your last situation?—there might be a demur; no matter, Madame Théodore's word is enough. I promise you a first-rate situation. Dress-makers and maids, my dear—it's so nice and pleasant when they work comfortably together. I hear the bell—that means the money. Well, you've got the money sooner than could have been expected. Go, my child; alacrity is the essence of faithful service." And the girl hurried from the room, with the money for her mistress, and the twenty francs as a burden on her little innocent conscience. She would fain have refused the commission, but she was afraid of Madame Théodore's ridicule.

"Can any thing be more fortunate?" thought that lady, joyfully. "Madame wanted her money, and she gets it. I wanted my money, and I shall get it—seventy per cent. clear profit. The little maid gets her commission of twenty francs. The circle of satisfaction is complete, and I get this ring into the bargain!"

Madame Théodore drew the ring from her pocket, and gazed gleefully on its sheen—hard as the diamond was that gaze of hers.

"Dear, sweet diamonds!" she murmured, playfully; "always new, though the setting's old; doubtless a wedding-gift to the grand-mamma Travers. O reputable diamonds! and then to her daughter; O reputable family diamonds! and then to Madame Travers herself; and so to me; and whither now? The Palais Royal, most likely; reset and sparkling in some firmament of purple velvet—heaven enough for most women! O dear diamonds, you were so good and virtuous in England, the vanity of chaste and honorable matrons! I tremble for your future life here in Paris."

Perhaps Madame Théodore, with her incisive power of perception, may have suspected that there was some sort of analogy between those diamonds and the story of her who had been their late possessor.

Madame Travers entered the room; her dress was radiant—full canary-colored silk with a subtle emphasis of cerise piping on the deft trimmings; the hand of a mistress, or probably a master, was visible in the grand treatment of detail, outline, and folds. Madame Théodore, with all the meanness of ri-

valry, was stirred to the depths of her artistic soul; the face of Madame Travers was indeed very weary, very sad and care-worn; but her dress was faultless.

Madame Travers, acknowledging the presence of Madame Théodore, threw herself wearily into a chair.

"You have brought home the dress?"

"Yes, madame."

"You have made the alterations?"

"Will madame try it on?"

"No, thank you. I dare say it will do. Have you your bill?"

"As madame pleases; but it's no matter."

"I wish to pay at once," Madame Travers took the bill and looked at the amount. "Rather high, I think, Madame Théodore."

"Pardon me, madame, we never consider cost in dresses of this character. We never solicit patronage; we have our price, which is according to the value of our prestige."

"Here's the money," replied Madame Travers, laconically; "receipt the bill."

"Has madame any other orders?"

"Not at present.—Good-evening;" and Madame Travers threw herself back in her chair.

"Good-evening, madame; thank you for your patronage;" and madame retired toward the door. "The little maid will soon want another place," she thought to herself, as she cast one last hard glance at the weary face and the radiant dress of her English patroness; "it means that monsieur is tired of madame. Mon Dieu! the old story."

"The moment monsieur comes in," said Madame Travers to the little maid, "run over to the restaurant and see that they bring the supper directly—very hot, mind. The champagne was too much iced last time; do take care, Louise, monsieur is so very particular."

"I'll take care, madame.—Shall I take the new dress to your room?"

"Yes."

Of course, Louise couldn't help opening the milliner's basket.

"O madame, how lovely! such beautiful trimmings! Madame will look so handsome. Wouldn't madame have just one peep?"

"Don't trouble me, Louise; take away the dress."

"O madame, it is so very charming!"

"Go, Louise, I tell you; I wish to be alone."

And Louise obeyed, marveling much how her mistress could resist the fascination of such a beautiful dress; and, in the bitterness of her sorrow, Madame Travers marveled also.

"A new dress," she murmured; "how I loved dress once! those old days; the rapture of a new dress, the delight of a new dress, the delicious vanity of a new dress! It's no delight now—no vanity, Heaven knows, but the hard struggle of a weary heart to draw that man's cold eyes and absent thoughts back to me through the novelty of some new costume. Can it be possible? What! three short months, and the profession of an eternal love converted into a miserable lie? And yet, lie as it is, I must cling to it, feign to believe it, smile on it;

for there's nothing left me in this world but that lie. The love's gone; how long will the lie last? How can I eke it out, how can I stave off that day when he will leave me, that day when the lie will be done away, and I shall have to face the fearful truth? Alone, then!—no, not alone, there'll be death at my side that day; but, if death be so close, then repentance! How can I repent?—Tears!" (she started up and gazed with terror in the glass). "Tears, red eyes! he'll turn from me in disgust."

She rang the bell; Louise entered.

"My powder-puff, quickly."

"Yes, madame."

Louise hurried from the room, and quickly returned with the puff.

"My hair is ruffled; put it right, Louise. Monsieur may return at any moment—quickly! My face, is it all right?"

"Yes, madame."

"I don't look as if I had been crying, do I?"

"No, madame.—Has madame been crying?" the girl asked, with sympathy.

"No, no! I've not been crying," she replied, in harsh tone. "I only thought I looked as if I had. Why should I cry, Louise? I've every thing to make me happy. Cry, indeed; absurd nonsense!—His step!" she exclaimed, listening intently; "he's coming at last, thank Heaven! at last, at last.—The supper, quickly, Louise; very hot, and the champagne, you know."

"I'll take care, madame!" and the girl ran out of the room.

The steps echoed along the corridor; her heart beat, and she trembled from head to foot with anxiety. She knew, alas! too late, that the man she was so anxiously expecting was a liar, a blackleg, and a gambler; her one grievous crime had leveled her to his low estate; and save but for that one crime, she was honest and truthful and high-minded and a lady still, with all the delicate feelings and instincts and customs of home-life clinging to her; and yet she must needs cling to this man with desperation, for she felt that he alone stood between her and utter perdition.

The steps were at the door—the steps passed the door, and Upton Travers did not come. Sick at heart, she rang the bell; the supper must not be brought over, lest it should get cold before he arrived.

"You must wait, Louise; I made a mistake. Monsieur has not returned." And she threw herself on the sofa. Louise saw the tears in her eyes.

"Monsieur will be here presently," the girl said, in a cheerful voice, "I'm sure he will."

"Do you think so, Louise—do you really think so?"

"A little patience, madame; that's all. Perhaps monsieur is detained by the rain."

"Does it rain?"

"A dreadful night!"

"Ah, well, perhaps it is the rain which detains him."

"Won't madame take something—just a little?" said the girl, coaxingly.

"I'm not hungry, Louise."

"But madame has positively taken nothing all day."

"When monsieur returns, I shall have supper."

And then, in weary listlessness, she asked the girl about her home in Brittany:

"Have you got a father and mother, Louise?"

"Oh, yes, madame."

"And they are very fond of you?"

"Very, very fond," the girl answered, with warmth.

"If you were unhappy here, Louise?"

"Unhappy! But madame is so kind and good!"

"I say, if you were unhappy, what should you do?"

"I should go home, madame."

"They would be glad to see you, I suppose?"

"They would be so very glad!"

"And you'd see your brothers and sisters?"

"Oh, yes, madame; and the dear good old curé, he's quite as fond of me as my own father; he prepared me for my first communion, and he blessed me before I went away; and he told me to be good and honest, and—"

"Yes, yes, Louise, that will do—you can go now. I wish to be alone."

And the girl went; she, too, was crying at the remembrance of her village home.

"Go home! That girl can go home!" cried the miserable woman, in bitter sorrow, "and my home is encircled with a curse. I was his favorite child; he would do for me what he wouldn't do for the others, always what I wanted; his pet, his idol—and now my name must never be uttered in his presence. My brothers, they would have died for me. Had any one dared to say or do aught against me, with their quick blood, it would have been a blow; they'll only shrink away with shame now. O my sister! the old days—one heart, one soul between us; our life in childhood, our life as girls; the same thoughts, the same feelings; and now only scorn and contempt."

Her restless, feverish hands half unconsciously drew a letter from her pocket.

"My sister's letter! how bitter, how relentless! not one word of pity. She must know I want pity. That's right; drive home the bitter words, heap up the coals of fire! I'll answer it! it's so rude not to answer letters."

She started up, seized pen and paper, and wrote, with rapid hand:

"MY DEAREST SISTER: Your sympathy is all misplaced. I am very happy—very happy. I possess all I desire—endless devotion from one who has sworn to be forever true, and who will be forever true to his oath—"

"A note, madame," said Louise, entering the room. "A woman brought it; shall she wait?"

"Let her wait, Louise," and the girl left the room.

"Upton's hand!" exclaimed Madame Travers, gazing with terror at the hurried pencil direction. "What does it mean?"

She tore open the envelope, and scanned the note with eager eyes

"DEAREST: Only time for a word. A run of cursed luck. I must leave you for a few days; I shall soon return. I dare not say more; I am forced to fly.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"UPTON TRAVERS."

She staggered to a chair.

"It's all over! the lie is at an end. Coward! mean, pitiful coward! He did not dare to face me. Gone! alone now! Heaven help me, I've never been alone in my whole life, always some one or some influence to protect me, some shelter between me and the outside world; and now I must encounter all alike; that veil of family life, which hid me from the rough gaze of the world, plucked from my face. Impossible! I can't endure it. I must cling to him; he must, in very mercy, give me shelter and protection. I'll beg and pray on my knees to go with him—anywhere, anyhow, but not alone!"

She rang the bell.

"Where's the woman who brought the note? Send her in; quick, Louise, quick!"

Louise ushered the woman in—old, haggard, squalid—a beggar; but the woman was not abashed by the splendor of the room or the grand dress of Madame Travers; hungering for bread, and yet with a cynical smile gathering on her wrinkled lips.

"The gentleman who gave you this note—where is he?" exclaimed Madame Travers, with intense anxiety.

"I don't know, madame," replied the woman, sullenly.

"Tell me all you know, for mercy's sake!"

"He called me to the cab-door—'Deliver this note,' he said; 'they'll give you five francs'—that's all I know."

"Did you hear where the cab was going?"

"No."

"Try to recollect—do try to recollect!"

"The train, I think."

"What station?"

"I didn't hear—'five francs' were his last words."

"I'd have given you fifty francs—a hundred francs, if you'd heard!"

"I wish I had—it would have been handy; and that's bread and meat to me now," chuckled the woman. "But for you, what's the odds? He's gone. When these men go—they go—it's all over—nay, the old story; the story of thousands of women—my story! my story to the very letter; only it was a *diligence* that took him away, not the train."

"Silence, woman!" exclaimed Madame Travers, starting back in horror. "Go—go, I say!"

"Yes, yes. I'll go fast enough when I get my five francs," answered the woman, vindictively. "Needn't be so mighty grand, my fine lady. I've lived in as good a room as this, and had as fine a dress, and finer, too. You've heard tell of the *Merveilleuses*. We knew what dress was in those days—and our fine living too—that we did! we and our friends, those fine gentlemen, *Messieurs les Incroyables*!"

"Make her go, Louise—give her the five francs; my purse is on the table. For Heaven's sake!"



en's sake, make her go!" And Madame Travers stopped her ears against the woman's horrible talk.

"I'll go—I'll go," muttered the woman, with an angry scowl. "Be insolent, with your rosy lips; grovel in the kennel when those lips are withered!"

Louise hustled the woman out of the room, and watched her down the stairs. Madame Travers was left alone; she threw herself on the sofa, and clasped her hands in despair.

"His cursed work is done!" she murmured, "and that wretched woman, his messenger, stands before me, a mirror of my life to come; her story—my story—her past, my future. Heaven help me! this cannot be. What's to be done? Debt, first. I'll sell all I have; Heaven grant it may be enough to pay every thing; and then I'll work—needle-work—a servant—hard work, any drudgery, so it be honest. Alas! who'll take me? Your character? They turn away. No, no," she cried vehemently. "I have erred before God and man; but I don't belong to that sad sisterhood—I don't indeed, I swear I don't; they can't claim me—I have no fellowship with them—no fellowship, God be praised!" She was alone in that room; but she seemed to be pleading her cause at the bar of public opinion. The good women she had known, the friends of her past life, rose before her in all the sternness of their inflexible morality. She herself had felt no mercy in her days of virtue; she herself had felt loathing, scorn, and shrinking contempt for those who had fallen; she saw the smile of incredulity gathering on the faces of the judges her terror had conjured up; she heard the answer to her protest—a chorus of vindictive triumph: "Our sister, our sister," cried those women she had scorned, "come to us—no room for subtile difference—all nice distinctions are merged in your one crime. You've crossed the narrow streamlet; tramp on with us, it quickly widens downward to the ocean of all crime; back forever on our side." And she beheld condemnation written in her judges' eyes. "No," she cried, with feverish resolution, "I'll go back—back, at once—back by the only way—the one terrible way, back by death's bridge. Death's a crime, they say—not when it's a crime to live; no home; no refuge; the choice of shame or death—then be it death! O Shame, make me brave in the fear of thee! O Death, you always seemed so terrible in past days—so terrible when my mother died—I go to thee! Where shall I find you?—the river? Yes; one plunge; you'll stretch out your arms, and I shall be saved." She rang the bell; Louise entered.

"My hat and cloak."

"Is Madame going out? Madame will want a cab; it's a fearful night."

"It won't hurt me, Louise," she answered, with an hysterical laugh—that tragedy of a laugh—the laugh of Anne Boleyn, when she clasped her hands round her slender neck.

"But Madame is so delicate," persisted Louise.

"My old hat and cloak—they won't spoil; not the fur lining; quick!" As she

turned from the girl, who went to obey her behest, her eyes fell on the letter she had begun to write to her sister.

"I'll finish it," she said; and she sat at the table. "When my sister reads it, she'll be very sorry; when *they* read it, no more hard words, no more curses then; but the old days, what I used to be to them in the old days—the old feelings will all come back, and they'll be very, very sorry; death will have washed away my sin." She took up her pen and finished the letter: "I repeat, I am happy, very happy.—Your affectionate sister, Margaret. Give my best love to my father, Frank, and Harry." "They will be glad of that message," she murmured, "when they know I am dead." In her mind's eye she forecast the arrival of the letter at her home; the tearful, sorrowing group—father, brothers, sister—she knew what each would say; the old breakfast-room, the old butler who had known and loved her from a child. The vision was painfully vivid and real; she could touch the old accustomed cups and saucers, Queen Charlotte's blue Worcester pattern, the old-fashioned urn, the old, quaint, green-handled knives, the faithful old colley dozing on the hearth-rug. She had returned home; she was with them again; sorrow and pity had made her once more the spoilt idol of their hearts.

Louise entered with her hat and cloak; the vision faded—she closed the letter.

"Post this the first thing to-morrow morning," she said, in deliberate tone; "it's very important. I haven't got a stamp; but here's the money." She laid a franc on the letter. "You can keep the change; and now you can go to bed," she added, "I sha'n't require you any more."

"O Madame, let me sit up for you," said the girl, imploringly.

"Obey me, Louise, do you hear?" The girl left the room, awed by her mistress's voice. In all probability that girl would be the last human being she would ever speak to, and she had dismissed her with harsh tones. One terrible fear held her mind with absorbing power—the degradation that life must henceforth be to her; still the sense of duty to others was not wholly destroyed. The girl's wages! She sat down, and inclosed the sum due in an envelope. The rent of the apartments! The landlady would take possession of her goods, and so be paid. She felt her work in life was finished. She rose from the chair and put on cloak and hat, and then, with old custom strong to the last, she looked at herself in the glass and carefully adjusted her dress; she looked, as of custom also, at her face. Many a time—daily in the past, and many times a day—had the mirror responded to the vanity of her heart with a gracious benediction, "Go forth, fair face, and fascinate many with your brightness and your charms." Pale and hard-drawn with the tension of desperate resolution was the face she now beheld. She had never seen *that* face before; she could not help gazing on it, it was so new and strange, and terrible. But the mirror could not reveal that sadder sight beyond all ken of human eyes; she could not see how a cowardly, absorbing, abject care of *self*—of her

own misery, her own degradation—was hurrying her on to crown a great crime with a greater crime, self-destruction. She forced herself away from the mirror with a shudder; but her awful resolution was not shaken, and now to the river to meet death!

She was destined, indeed, to meet the dark shadow, but not in the cowardly manner she had purposed. Alone and deserted in the world, she was being mercifully cared for, though she knew it not. Her resolution was to remain unchanged, but its darkness was to be turned to light; its gloomy sacrifice for the sake of self changed into noble self-sacrifice for the sake of others; the path of redemption and repentance was being prepared for her steps.

As she stood on the threshold of the door, the girl, pale with alarm and agitation, hurried up to her:

"O Madame, something so dreadful has happened!"

"What's the matter, Louise?"

"We must all go this very night—this moment!"

"What do you mean?"

"The doctor has just said so; no one must remain in these rooms. Madame Valnay is fearfully ill."

"Our landlady?"

"Yes, Madame—malignant scarlet fever; we must go at once. I can go to my uncle's at Passy. Madame will let me go as soon as possible. I'm so frightened!"

"Go, Louise, as soon as you can."

"It's very sad," continued the girl, with tears in her eyes. "Poor thing, it's such a fearful disease, no one will stay to nurse her."

"What do you say?"

"They're all afraid; the doctor will try to get one of the good Sisters to come. I'll pack up Madame's things this moment."

"Pack up your own things, Louise; don't touch mine;" and Madame Travers threw off her hat and cloak. "Where is this poor woman?" she asked.

"In the little room at the end of the passage, all by herself. Oh, but Madame mustn't go near her, indeed she mustn't; it would be so dangerous. Surely Madame is going to leave here as soon as possible?"

"No, Louise. I am going to remain."

"Oh, but if you were to catch the fever and die! Think of your parents in England—your brothers and sisters."

"I have no parents, Louise; no brothers and sisters."

"But, perhaps Madame left a little child in England?"

"No, Louise," she answered, with convulsive effort. "I have no child—no child, I tell you; I am alone—quite alone. Pack up your own things at once and go; here are your wages. Good-by! you've been a very good girl. One moment. We shall, probably, never meet again. If you are ever tempted to do any thing wrong, promise me to think of your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, and the good *cure*; it may save you, if you do—promise me, Louise."

"I will, Madame," said the girl, earnestly. "You have been very kind and good to me."

I'm sure I'd stay and help nurse that poor woman if I wasn't so afraid of death; but they'd all be so sorry at home if I died—so very sorry! O madame! I can't stay, indeed I can't. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Louise." And the girl hurried away, with tears in her eyes, and a sense of cowardice withal in her heart, to pack up and leave the house as soon as possible.

So in the strong love of kith and kin, which made life so sweet and death so awful, Louise fled from encountering the ordeal which stood before her. Many have so fled—good, and pure, and excellent, yet cowards in that strong love. But the presence of death in that house, which was so terrible to the little provincial girl, brought consolation and redemption to Margaret Travers; she still, indeed, sought death, but now, God be thanked, it was death ennobled—death for the sake of another—not wicked, cowardly self-death, but life freely ventured that another might live. So the dark, mean, narrow thought of "self," with its heavy burden of sin and sorrow, passed away from her soul; not *self* henceforth, but oblivion of *self*—*self*, buried in the woes and sufferings of others; and in the redeeming power of self-sacrifice, and full of noble purpose and strong devotion, she entered the room of the sick and deserted woman, and became her faithful and unwearying nurse.

### A STORY FROM A WHALER.

"CHIPS," whom I knew for months by no other name, was ship's-carpenter of the whaler *Gazelle*, of New Bedford. He was twenty-three years old, six feet high, and strong as an oak-tree.

He was the favorite of the ship—and no wonder. He was tender and gentle, perhaps because he was strong; he was peaceful, because he was powerful. And the soft word that turneth away wrath, with the gentle hand to soothe a sufferer, is often needed in the whale-fisheries. Most of the foremast-hands of the *Gazelle* were rough Portuguese lads, from the Western Islands, on their first voyage. They were treated with coarse contempt by the few American seamen, and by the officers. The only "white man"—as the Yankee sailor loves to call himself—who was kind and patient with the rude boys was Chips; and he was never tired of showing or teaching them something of what he knew. He was one of those unselfish fellows who do not believe in keeping knowledge to themselves. He had never been to sea before; but, during the first two years of this voyage, he had attended to so many things besides his own easy work that he was looked on as one of the best and coolest whalers aboard. Although exempted from standing watch, he had insisted on doing so from the first day out. At night, if the weather was good, he would sit on the main hatch, in the centre of a ring of the Portuguese lads, and with wonderful patience teach them to make splices and knots, and to speak English. He never tired of doing this or any other kindly thing for them. In the day-time, if there were work for him at his trade, he still had them

round him, explaining every thing as he sawed or planed, just as if he wished to make them as good carpenters as he was himself.

On Sunday, when every one brought his letters and pictures on deck, Chips showed the only signs of isolation he ever gave. He was the only one on board—except myself—who had neither pictures nor letters—neither face nor word to remind him of home. When the ship touched at some port with a post-office, and every one else ran for his letters, Chips remained aboard—he knew there was none for him. In one of the boy's albums he found a picture of an old, white-haired woman—the lad's mother—and every Sunday after he asked for that album, and always gave it back when he had turned to that picture.

The ship had been two years out when I first saw Chips. Through strange and unhappy circumstances, I was afloat on the Indian Ocean in a small boat when this New Bedford whaler hove in sight, and ran down toward me. It was a day of exquisite pain and joy when the white-sailed ship came slowly, in the light breeze, to save an outcast from death, and worse than death. It was late in the evening when the blessed coolness of the shadow of the sails fell on my boat. Another minute, and the frail shell struck the side of the whaler; and the first man to spring out in the mizzen-chains, to help me aboard, was strong-handed Chips, with tears of sympathy in his eyes. On deck the captain met me with an open hand and heart; and for eight months I sailed with the whalers, and took part in the good and ill that befell them.

Chips and I were friends from the instant our hands struck. Shaking hands is one of my natural tests of character. Some people shake your hand so politely that you feel they would care mighty little about shaking your acquaintance; some men slip their hands into yours and make you feel as if you were squeezing a fish; some people's hands are so thick, and fat, and cold, that you might as well grasp the fingers of a leather dummy; most people, and nice people, shake hands as a preliminary to conversation; but now and then one's hand strikes into a sympathetic palm, the fingers take full hold, the thumbs interlock and close—and when that friendly grasp is over, there is not a word to be said—it spoke all friendly greeting in its own good language. Just such a kindly and grim grip did Chips give me the first time we met.

When picked up, I was in a bad way for clothes; all that belonged to me in the world were the few branded rags that I had worn in the boat. Sailors are used to such things; and they know the remedy. Every one came forward with his little offering. One brought a hat, another a jacket, another a pair of sea-boots, a jack-knife, a cake of tobacco, and so on, until I had a bunk full of marine necessities. Chips had least to give of all, for he had shipped without a regular outfit. But, when he saw all that had been given—smiling at the rough boys as each one handed his offering—he drew me off to his own cubby-hole, and hauled round his chest. Out on his bed came the contents; and in a minute there was a fair division of all it contained—

flannels, shirts, stockings, and every thing, to a handkerchief.

"These are yours, and these are mine," said Chips; "and I'll make you a chest to-morrow."

That's the sort of man he was in every thing. No wonder the boys loved him, and that the one word spoken in the best tones of the ship was the name of kind-hearted, manly Chips.

He was brave as he was kind. When whales were chased, Chips went down in a boat; and there was no cooler head among them when the fragile thing was to be laid broadside to a monster nearly as long as the ship. Once, when the boat was stove by a sweep of the awful flukes in the death-flurry, one of the boys was crushed by the blow and driven senseless under water. When Chips came to the surface he counted the heads and missed one; and down in the bloody brine he went among the sharks and fished up the sinking body. He was a mighty swimmer, and, with only an oar to cling to, he held the senseless man out of the water from noon till sunset.

The events I am going to relate occurred on that voyage—a little more than five years ago.

The *Gazelle* had been cruising for three months a few hundred miles off the coast of Western Australia—the great penal colony of England—and during that time had not fallen in with a single sperm-whale. One raw afternoon, with a harsh breeze and a rising sea, at last we heard the long, sing-song cry, from the mast-head, "He blows! ther—ee—blo-o-ows!" Four times, at regular intervals of about forty seconds, the cry was repeated; and then we knew it was a sperm-whale.

It was five in the evening when the first cry was heard, and the sun went down at half-past six with scarcely five minutes of twilight. As a rule, on board American whalers, when whales are seen late in the evening, the boats are not sent down, unless circumstances, such as weather, moonlight, and so on, are very favorable. In most cases the course of the whales and the speed of their travel are carefully noted. When "on a course" a school of sperm will move at the rate of about six miles an hour; when "feeding," they keep on the same "ground," not moving more than a few miles a day. When seen late in the evening, the ship is steered during the night according to the observations, and often finds the school in sight in the morning, when the boats are at once sent down.

This course was not followed on the evening in question. It was not a school we saw, but a "lone whale," and one of extraordinary size. The night promised to be a rough one, and the whale's motions were strangely irregular, as if he had lost himself in an unknown sea.

There is something solemn and mysterious in the sight of "lone whales," and marvelous superstitions are current among whalers respecting them. Through spending year after year on the great waters, whalers become more impressionable to supernatural things than other seamen; and long observation of

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the shoals or schools of the vast creatures they pursue tends to fill them with amazement and awe when they meet with a solitary Leviathan, who has abandoned all fellowship with his kind, who lives by his own law—lonely, mighty, and terrible!

Soon after the cry from aloft we saw the whale from the deck, only a short distance from the ship, and we might have seen him long before had not his white, bush-like spout been lost in the angry whiteness that was fast spreading over the sea.

For a moment all eyes were fastened on the long body, like a great, black tube, over which the waves washed. Every face was wonder-stricken at the immense size of the whale.

Captain Gifford had been examining him through a glass, which he handed in turn to each of his officers. "What do you say, Mr. Hossey?" he inquired of the first-mate, who glanced at the setting sun and answered, "Go down, sir; we can do it."

"Mr. Joseph?" and the captain turned to the second-mate, an old Portuguese of extraordinary size, and perhaps the most famous whalerman alive.

"Go down, sir, if we want to get that fellow; we'll never see him again."

The two other officers were younger men, and of the same mind. There was no time lost in further consultation.

"Swing the boats!" shouted the old man.

The lines and irons had already been thrown in by the crews. A "heave, oh!" and a straining sound, and in one minute the four boats struck the water, and the men were settled on the thwarts with the long oars out.

The sun was low, and large, and red, and the whole western sea and sky were magnificent in crimson, and gold, and black. The picture was one of the finest I ever saw. The rising sea was jet black, except where it was bloody; a broad road of crimson shimmered from the ship to the sun; the long body of the whale, even blacker than the sea, was plainly seen in the ruddy glare; and life was added to the immense scene by the four white specks—the whaleboats—closing to a point as they drew near the motionless monster.

It was not until the boats had left the ship that we realized how threatening was the weather. Every moment the seas came wilder and heavier against the vessel. Only now and again, as they were lifted on a sea, could we catch sight of the brave little boats. The breeze grew stronger every minute, and, before the first boat neared the whale, was whistling through the rigging in the wild way that tells of a coming gale. The captain regretted the lowering of the boats, and soon signalled them to return. But the men were excited, and refused to see the signals. Filled to the gunwale, the seas lashing over them every moment, on they went where only a thing so nearly perfect as a whale-boat could keep afloat. As the first boat swung round to run down to windward on the whale, the red sun stood fairly on the black field of ocean.

Talk about the bravery of soldiers in battle, or of men ashore in any enterprise you

please, what is it to the bravery of such a deed as this? A thousand miles from land, six men in a twenty-eight-foot shell, coolly going down in a stormy sea to do battle with the mightiest created animal! It is the extreme of human coolness and courage, because it is the extreme of danger. The soldier faces one peril—the bullet. The whaleman, in such a case as this, has three mighty enemies to fight—the sea, the gale, and the whale.

We saw the harpooner of each boat stand up as they came within hearing distance, and send in his two irons. All the boats were fast before the monster seemed to feel the first blow. Then came the fight—the cruel and unnatural fight between vast power and cunning skill. The black water was churned white as the flukes struck out in rage and agony. The sun disappeared, and the gale screamed wilder in the rigging. We could no longer see the boats from the ship. The few men on board clewed up the light sail and took a reef in the topsails; and by this time the night was dark as pitch, and the gale had whipped and howled itself into a hurricane.

It was fearful to think of the four small boats out in such a sea as was then running. We on the ship had to cling to the rail or the rigging: the terrific strength of the waves swept the heavy vessel about like a cork. I saw the captain's face a moment as he passed the binnacle-lamp, and it was absolutely deformed with grief and terror—not for himself, brave old sailor! but for his boys in the boats.

"Who's at the wheel?" he shouted; "send a steady man to the wheel."

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered a deep, quiet voice; "I've got the wheel."

That was Chips, and I walked aft to be near him. Just then a long hail came through the darkness, and we saw the flash of a boat's lantern on the lee-quarter. In a minute more a line was flung aboard, and we soon had one crew safe on deck. It was the mate's boat.

"Where are the others?" was the first question.

"Fast to the whale," was the answer; "and there are no lanterns on the boats."

One of the men from the boat relieved Chips at the wheel, and he went forward to rig lanterns at the fore and main tops. When this was done we stood together on the fore-castle, looking and listening for the boats. Suddenly he turned to me, and said:

"We're going to lose some one to-night. While I was at the wheel, it seemed as if something whispered in my ear that we were going to lose one man to-night."

I said he was growing as superstitious as old Kanaka Joe; and he answered:

"I can't help it. It *did* seem that I heard that whisper, and so plain was it that I nearly dropped the wheel in terror."

Another shout from the sea cut off further talk, and we soon had two more boats at the davits. The absent one was Mr. Joseph's; and we knew that through thick and thin he would hold on to the whale. It was hours before we found him; and, when we did, he refused to cut his line from the carcass. The

captain cried to him that we could not hold the whale in such a sea. But the old whaleman shouted back, "He's a hundred-an'-fifty-barreler; and, if you don't take the line aboard, we'll stick to him in the boat!"

Soon after, as the gale was moderating, the line was taken in, passing through a strong iron brace, screwed on to the starboard rail just forward of the gangway amidships, from which it was taken back and made fast to the windlass-bitts at the foot of the mainmast. It was a new line, of stout Manila hemp, and its strength was put to a fearful test. A hundred fathoms astern of the ship it held the monster carcass; and, as the vessel rolled heavily to the sea, the strain on the line was terrific. Standing forward of it, I laid my hand on the line as the strain came, and I felt it stretch and contract like a rope of India-rubber.

Mr. Joseph's boat had come alongside, and the captain, standing on the starboard rail, was shouting to him through a trumpet. The line from the whale, passing from astern to the brace forward, and back to the bitts amidships, made an acute angle, inside which the captain was standing. I saw and noted this as I passed forward, and I noticed also, in the dark, a tall man, who seemed to be leaning against the line. "I hope he's forward of it," I said to myself as I went on with what I was about.

I had not taken six steps from the spot when I knew that something strange had occurred. The ship steadied, as if the wind had ceased. I heard no sound greater than the storm; but, instead, I seemed to hear a stillness. I ran amidships and grasped for the line. *It was gone!* A rush to the rail, and all was clear. The strain had torn out the brace. The mighty pull of the whale astern had jerked the line straight, like the cord of a gigantic bow, and the captain, who had been standing on the rail, was struck by the flying rope and thrown senseless far into the sea.

All this had been seen by the men in the boat before any one on board had realized the affair. In less than a minute the cry of "Saved!" reached us from Mr. Joseph; and, in shorter time than can be imagined by a landsman, the boat was hanging at the davits, and the injured commander was being cared for in the cabin.

Hard rubbing and rum are the patent remedies on a whaler; and by dint of these the captain opened his eyes in a quarter of an hour. He had been stunned, but not seriously injured.

He was amazed at first at seeing the mate and myself standing over him with the rum-bottle. But without a word he realized the situation.

"How is the weather?" he asked. "The wind has gone down," said Mr. Joseph. "We're under foresail, jib, and reefed topsails, and running right away from the whale."

"Gone?" said the old man. "Gone," answered Mr. Joseph, ruefully. "Stanchion dragged, and the line parted, and eight thousand dollars went without an owner."

"Tell Chips to see to that broken rail," said the captain, closing his eyes, drowsily.



"Ay, ay, sir," said the old second-mate, as he stamped on deck.

I heard him stop at the after-hatch, where the boat-steerers and carpenter lived, and call "Chips" two or three times. At last there was an answer, in another voice—not Chips's; then a round of hurried feet on deck, a shout down the fore-castle, and a shout back in answer. There was no Chips there.

Two minutes after, a heavy foot came aft to the cabin-stairs, and Mr. Joseph, with a white face, entered.

I knew what he had to tell. I knew now—just as if I had seen it all—who the man was whom I had seen leaning against the line.

The captain looked at the second-mate.

"Chips is gone, sir," said the old sailor, with a tremor in his rough voice; "Chips was knocked over by the line, and we've gone four knots since it parted. I've put her about, and we're running down again."

There was dead silence. We all knew the search was hopeless. No man could swim in such a sea; and we had a thought, though no one spoke it, that brave, strong Chips had been killed by the line before he struck the water.

All night we beat about the place where we thought it had occurred. The wind and sea fell, and the moon came out in great beauty to help our sad search. Every man on board staid on deck till the sun rose, and then we looked far and vainly over the heedless swell of the unbroken sea. Chips was dead. The rough Portuguese lads found it hard to believe that the kind heart and strong hand of their friend were gone forever. We all knew that the best man in the ship was taken away.

Two years afterward, when I found myself in Boston, I took from my sacred things a letter, which I had found in Chips's chest. It was addressed to a woman, with the name and number of a Cambridge street. I found the place—a small frame house, with lots of Chips's handiwork around it. His mother met me at the door, an old, white-haired woman. She seemed to have been waiting and watching for somebody. A few words told the hopeless story. The letter was for her, and she read it over—the letter of her only boy, asking forgiveness for his one great and only disobedience—and, as she read, the white head bent lower and lower till it met the thin hands; and I turned and left the little room I had darkened—with all its poor ornaments worthless now—and, as I walked toward Boston, I could not help thinking that God's ways are often wofully far from being our ways.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

### AN OCTOGENARIAN ON HIS TRACKS.

I WAS born in the year 1793, and am therefore eighty-two years old. At the age of seventeen my father determined that I should go to Europe and travel for a year. With the exception of the British war against Sweden, and the French war against Spain, it was then a period of universal peace in Eu-

rope. The battle of Wagram had been fought, and the Peace of Vienna signed, the year before; that is to say, in 1809. At the time of my visit the Emperor Napoleon was about to espouse Maria Louise.

My father's object was merely to enable me to reap the usual advantages of travel, familiarity with foreign languages, manners, institutions, works of art, and natural scenery. But in addition to these I had an object of my own to attain. I had recently read a book published in London, called "Templeman's Survey of the Globe," in which was given an account of the populations of the various countries of Europe. This book had interested me very much, and I regretted that it did not also contain the sort of information in reference to Europe generally, which Arthur Young in his famous "Travels in France" had given with regard to France, Italy, and part of Spain, viz., an account of the condition of industry, of the peasantry, of the division of land, of commerce, and the like. To obtain this information was the object which I promised myself to accomplish.

My route was through England, Denmark, and Sweden, to Russia; thence through Northern Germany and the Low Countries to France; thence through Switzerland, Austria, and European Turkey, to Constantinople; and back to England by way of Greece, Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

This journey I made successfully, taking careful notes of every thing I saw, and obtaining authentic information on such topics as were beyond my immediate reach. At that period Europe was substantially all of the civilized world. With the exception of some six millions in the United States, and a few hundred thousands in the West Indies and the Spanish Main, Europe contained at that time all the white population of the globe. The East-Indian trade was small and slow from remoteness; the China trade had not opened; the great sheep-herding regions of Australia, Cape of Good Hope, and La Plata, were scarcely more than known.

The peasantry of England, France, Switzerland, and the Low Countries, were freemen; but all the rest of Europe was in serfdom. The freedom of the German peasants was only begun in 1816, and that of the other Continental countries at later dates; in Russia so late as 1865. At the time of the visit I speak of, the French peasants had only recently been liberated through their great Revolution: so that the only peoples whom I found in Europe accustomed to freedom were those of Great Britain, Switzerland, and the Netherlands.

As to the division of land—a question which at that time disturbed the whole of Europe, and, in my opinion, must disturb it again—it must be understood that Europe contains an area of about three million seven hundred thousand square miles, or, say, twenty-three hundred and seventy million acres. At the time of the visit the population of Europe was about one hundred and sixty-five millions, so that, had the land been equally divided among all, each person would have received fourteen and one-third acres. So far was this from being the fact that, ex-

cept France, there was not a country in Europe wherein immense tracts of land were not held by noblemen and ecclesiastical institutions. The rigor of this provision was somewhat softened by the fact that in most countries the great estates of the privileged classes were divided into small parcels, and let out on rent, either to money tenants, or to *métayers*, or occupied and worked by serfs. Nevertheless, in some countries, notably in Spain, the mortmain lands were not let out or worked at all, but lay idle.

I took great pains to ascertain how much of the area of the continent was covered with forests or consisted of water-surfaces and waste and barren lands, unfit for productive purposes; for I was anxious to compare the productive land of Europe with that of my own country. The result of my observations and tabulations, which I can truly affirm gave me infinite trouble, is shown in the following table:

PRODUCING AREA OF EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES IN THE YEAR 1810, COMPARED, (SUMS IN MILLIONS OF ACRES.)

| AREA.                   | Europe. | United States. |
|-------------------------|---------|----------------|
| Forests.....            | 845     | ..             |
| Water, wastes, etc..... | 640     | ..             |
| Arable and pasture..... | 885     | 40             |
| Total Europe.....       | 2,370   | ..             |

Thus of the twenty-three hundred and seventy million acres of the total area of Europe, only eight hundred and eighty-five million acres were producing, against forty million acres in the United States. The producing land, therefore, amounted to only five and one-third acres *per capita* of population in Europe, while it was over six acres in the United States.

As to the industries of Europe, except the woolen trade of England, which had been established in ancient times, and the cotton trade, which was only in its infancy at the time of my visit, there were none in the sense of the word as now employed. Europe was then in the midst of that wonderful intellectual excitement and revival which, beginning in France during the early part of the previous century, had been among the chief causes of the Revolution, and was one of the few things to survive it. Subjects that in the present degenerate era it would be found difficult to obtain place for, even in a quarterly magazine, were then to be found on the toilet-tables of the *beaux-monde*. Ladies flocked to the public *séances* of the Académie, and every branch of physical science formed a fashionable study.

The result of this great avidity for useful learning was that brilliant series of scientific and mechanical discoveries of which the world is now enjoying the fruits. Steam and electricity were both discovered at this era. So were invented the weaving-machines, gin and chemical processes, which afforded such enormous impetus to the woolen and cotton trades, and formed the basis of the modern factory-system. Cuvier, Humboldt, Davy, Goethe, and others of like weight, were the scientific giants of that age. Bichat, Buffon, Lavoisier, and Franklin, were but recently

dead. Just as mechanical inventions had to await the scientific discoveries of these great minds, so organized industries had to follow in the footsteps of mechanical discovery. On the occasion of my visit the civilized world was therefore merely beginning to perform those marvelous mechanical labors which are now its proudest boast.

With regard to commerce, there existed a small trade with the East Indies and China, chiefly in silks, cotton goods, tea, sugar, and drugs. There was a West-Indian trade in rum, sugar, coffee, and molasses. There was an American trade of some forty million dollars a year in cotton, tobacco, fish, timber, naval stores, and peltries; and there were beginnings of trades with all parts of the world. But beyond the trade in textile fabrics, which had then little more than a good beginning, there was nothing like the commerce of the present day, no commercial movement of breadstuffs and other grain, no traffic in beef, pork, lard, butter, and other great articles of food, no trade in India-rubber, guano, jute, raw wool, coal, iron and iron wares, other metals, machinery, tools, petroleum, live animals, or many other articles that now constitute the chief objects of commerce. All these trades have grown up of late years. In my youth they were either not known, or, like the trade in wool and corn, prohibited or taxed out of existence.

So much for Europe in 1810, that Europe which, after having been governed by Rome and superstition for more than sixteen centuries, had at length awakened from her long period of repose, enjoyed a century or two of shaking up in all departments of thought and activity, and was now ready, with steam-engine, and coal, and iron, to go to work and prove itself the leader of the continents.

I have now recently returned from a journey to Europe, which I began in the spring of 1875. I passed over the same route which I traversed before. I saw the same countries, the same peoples, and noted the same class of facts. Need I say that the changes have been marvelous?

I praise Heaven that I am enabled to say that nowhere on the face of the Continent any longer exists human slavery in any form. The peasants in every country are free; no man is bound to the soil, all feudal and ecclesiastical services are abolished. The right to emigrate is denied in Russia, and many obstacles are placed in its way in Germany; but these last features of restraint and oppression must disappear in time.

The population of Europe now numbers about three hundred and five millions—nearly double its number in 1810. Taking the entire white or European population of the globe at the periods of each of my visits—say at one hundred and eighty millions in 1810, and at three hundred and sixty millions in 1875—let us see how much better or worse off it is for land now than it was sixty-five years ago.

The producing area of Europe in 1875 I found to be one thousand and fifteen million acres. That of the United States is about two hundred and fifty million acres, and that of the British colonies, South America, and other countries inhabited by Europeans, about

thirty-five million acres—total, say, thirteen hundred million acres. This area, for a population of three hundred and sixty millions, amounts to but three and two-thirds acres each, against, let us say, five and one-eighth acres for the entire European race in 1810.

Of course, these results are not exact, because of the commerce between the European races and others, which opens to the former the food-resources of countries not included in the producing area summarized. But the variation from the exact line is comparatively small, and may be ignored altogether without substantial injury to a truthful comparison.

No one will admit for a moment that the general consumption of our race has diminished since the year 1810. For my own part, I can boast as good an appetite as ever; and it is a well-known fact that men now generally consume, and I may add waste, more abundance and variety of food, clothing, fuel, and other articles of subsistence, than ever before. Yet all these articles, except coal for fuel and metals for tools, implements, and engines, must be produced from the surface of the earth. The productiveness of that surface must, therefore, according to my figures, have become enhanced over fifty per cent., or at least one-half, in order that three and two-thirds acres should now support as many lives as five and one-eighth acres did formerly.

Had the acquisition of this great and significant fact been the only result of my two long journeys through Europe, I should have considered my time and labor well spent.

That, throughout all the European world, three blades of corn now grow where but two grew before, assures us that four blades may yet be made to grow upon the same area, and puts to rest any fears that may have grown up as to the encroachments of population upon the limits of subsistence. And that this most important of all progresses should have occurred with our race, while, so far as we can learn, no such progress has occurred with any other race, also assures us of the continued multiplication and increase of our race, until, perhaps, it shall overcome and subdue the entire habitable earth.

With reference to other important changes which my observations taught me had occurred throughout the continent of Europe during the interval between my two visits thither, the most striking was the alteration of forest area. In 1810 the extent of forest-area in Europe was about eight hundred and forty-five million acres, or 35.7 per cent. of the entire surface; in 1875 this area had diminished to seven hundred and ninety-five million acres, or 33.6 of the surface. The difference, or fifty million acres, together with some eighty million acres of water-surface or waste and barren lands, constitutes the gain to the arable and pasture land.

In regard to the proportion of arable to pasture land, I could obtain no definite details; but, roughly speaking, I should say that the latter stood as three to five of the former in 1810, while now they stand as two to four. The number of grazing animals in Europe is probably no greater now than it was sixty-five years ago, although the number at the disposal of Europeans is probably

double, one-half of the entire number being quartered upon the distant plains of the United States, La Plata, the Cape of Good Hope, and Australia. Upon these plains immense herds of horned cattle and sheep now graze, to yield their hides, horns, wool, and carcasses toward the support of those ever-increasing masses of men who go to make up the progressive nations of Europe and North America.

Of the numerous industries, manufacturing, mining, and commercial, which have sprung into existence since the date of my first visit to Europe, it is not necessary to speak. They are known of all the world. Lofty manufactories rear their tall chimneys in every country of Europe. Giant masses of iron raise their cyclopean arms, and rattle and hammer and weave incessantly at the bidding of man. Hideous machines, with lightning-like velocity, rush hither and thither upon iron rails, drawing masses of men and commodities in every direction, while myriads of steam vessels plough the main and penetrate the smallest rivers.

But little more than threescore years have passed since my first visit to Europe, yet what mighty changes have occurred! The population of the civilized world has doubled, the limits of agricultural production have been extended fifty per cent., and the productive power of the land increased fifty per cent. The monopoly of estates has substantially disappeared, and even in backward Italy and Spain peasants' holdings are almost as numerous as they are in the more progressive countries of the north. Feudal tenures have been abolished or modified in every country, freedom is now the privilege of all, and both the productive power and the share of production of every individual increased many fold.

Who will say, after this, that the world does not move?

A. D.

## ILLUSIONS OF THE SENSES.

THE little child who watches with delight the moon scampering wildly through the clouds of a windy night, and wonders why it does not sooner finish its race, and come down upon the far-off trees, is not the only subject of illuded sense. His brother who is old enough to accompany their father on a journey, and who, on crossing a ferry for the first time, sees the bank strangely moving away from the boat, and the trees and heavens spinning around overhead as the flat swings down-stream with the current, is another subject of illusion. And so is their father in many a thing, although, being more learned in the ways of Nature, the deception under which he labors may not be quite so palpable.

In truth, scarcely a day passes in the lives of most people in which, despite all their intelligence, there is not more or less illusion of some of their senses. A laboring-man who had lost a leg used to complain bitterly of the itching of the missing toes.

"My trouble is," said he, "that, bad as I want to, I can't scratch 'em."

Of course, the feeling excited was wholly nervous.

A similar nervous trouble, though of a more dignified character, occurred in the case of a young lady who suffered intensely from pain in the point of a forefinger. Her physician, erring in his diagnosis of the case, endeavored, without success, to relieve it by poulticing, blistering, and applying anodynes. One day a medical friend being present whose neurological information was of a higher order, he remarked to her jocosely:

"I think, Miss M——, that you are mistaken as to the seat of the pain."

"What, doctor!" she exclaimed, "do you suppose I do not know where it hurts me?"

"I do," he replied; "and if you will loosen your dress so that I can reach your spine, I think you will soon agree with me."

The opportunity being afforded, he put his finger upon one of the vertebrae between the shoulder-blades, and gave it a gentle pressure, when she screamed:

"Doctor, you are right! The pain is in my back."

"Well, now," said he, "having discovered the seat of the pain, I think we can relieve it."

He applied a counter-irritant directly over the ailing spot, and in the course of a few days the finger was well.

Among the illusions of the sense of feeling we must not forget to mention that curious deception, familiar to most boys, in which they cause one marble to seem to be two by rolling it in the palm of one hand by two of the fingers, crossed, of the other.

Another deception of this sense is not so generally known. If three tumblers be filled with water—one hot as the finger will bear, and one cold as can be obtained, and the third, the middle one, a lukewarm mixture of the two—and a finger of each hand be held for a minute one in the hot and the other in the cold tumbler, then both plunged together into the tepid, the water in this last will seem, at the same moment, hot to one finger and cold to the other.

Illusions of the senses of smell and of taste seldom, if ever, occur, possibly from the fact, in the first named of the two (*if it be a fact*, which no man with a faithful nose can easily believe), that we have no recollection of odors. That illusions of the sense of sight should so greatly outnumber those of any other sense or of all the others combined, may be readily accounted for by the fact that impressions on the eye are so much more vivid; but this reason leaves us at a loss to account for the fact that illusions of the sense of hearing are so few in proportion to those of sight, and especially that they should be few compared with the usually-supposed-less-vivid sense of feeling, unless we adopt the opinion held by many that the sense of feeling, so called, is not one sense, but many. Leaving these points, however, without discussion, we proceed with our main subject.

We watch the majestic rising and setting

of the sun, and wonder what power there is in the atmosphere near the horizon to magnify so greatly his apparent diameter. We can readily conceive that the refraction of his rays will render the face visible some minutes before the actual rising, and will keep it visible for as many minutes after the actual setting, but what is there to increase so greatly the general diameter? It is with almost incredulity we learn from those who test this phenomenon by careful instrumental measurement that the apparent increase of magnitude is all an illusion, and that the sun's disk subtends no greater angle at the horizon than it does when, in mid-heaven, it appears to have shrunk to one-half or one-fourth its size. The only explanation offered of this mysterious difference is that at the horizon the eye makes an unconscious comparison with objects whose dimensions are familiar, while in mid-heaven no such objects are visible. The same is true of the moon.

On a cloudless evening soon after sunset it is not unusual to see the heavens arched from west to east by alternate stripes of light and shade, convergent at their termini, but spread widely apart overhead, like the seams which divide the lobes of a cantaleup, or the plugs of a peeled orange. When, however, we learn—as, in the course of time, we probably do—that the dark stripes are caused by shadows thrown athwart the sky from small clouds intercepting the sun's light below the western horizon, we are convinced of having experienced another illusion. Those lines are not arched, as they seem to be, but are in right lines, as are all other rays of light and shade; and they do not diverge from the west and converge to the east to any perceptible degree, but are virtually parallel, and their appearance to the contrary is attributable to the effect of distance.

No optical illusions are more common than those connected with magnitude and distance. The magnitude of objects perceived by the eye is usually calculated by the angle which they subtend, corrected by the conjectured distance; for, the nearer the object, the greater the angle. And the distance of objects is usually conjectured from the angle they subtend, taken in connection with the brightness or haziness of their appearance; for distant objects are usually dimmed by the intervening atmosphere. It sometimes happens, however, that an object close at hand is dimmed by an unobserved haze, so as to seem to be at a distance; in which case, unless the spectator is able to correct the mistake by the force of reason, the object will assume in his conception gigantic proportions. A few years since a gentleman, well educated and by no means nervous, in riding along a public highway, saw in an adjoining field what seemed to him to be a wild beast of terrible aspect and monstrous proportions. Its body, equaling that of the half-grown hippopotamus in size, far exceeded it in uncouthness, and resembled nothing ever seen by him before, or described in books of natural history. Contrary to all rules of animal structure, its enormous body was nimbly borne by legs disproportionately long and slender. And what was strangest of all was that this enormous creature was suspended in the air by a

rope, to which it clung by some contrivance in its feet, and by which it slowly descended until, having reached a den or hole in the midst of a distant thicket, it plunged therein and disappeared. He was so astonished by the unearthly vision that he stopped his horse on the broad highway and watched the scene to its end. How was he to account for it? For, however incubus-like the scene, it was no dream, but a reality, to which his senses testified as positively as to his own existence. He watched and reasoned, and soon the mystery was revealed. The monster had disappeared, but the rope along which it had so strangely traveled was still in view. Carefully scanning that rope through the misty air, he discovered that, instead of its overhanging the field afar off, one of its ends was attached to a twig distant from him only a few steps, and that, instead of his having looked upon a monster comparing in size with the hippopotamus, he had only been watching the motions of an enormous spider, which had passed down one of the cables of its web to the entrance of its den. Oh, the relief to his mind! Had he not held on until the mystery was explained, he must have labored to the end of life under the impression that either he had been mentally deranged, or that he had beheld a monster such as was never before seen on earth.

Persons traveling upon a railroad for the first time, at the speed of forty or fifty miles the hour, will sometimes be horrified and sometimes amused at what they seem to see. For instance, in rushing at this rate through a rugged "cut," if they will fix the eye steadily upon a projecting crag or rock on the side of the cut and upon a level with the eye, it will appear to increase in size, so rapidly that the mind, unaccustomed to observe such rapid movements, can account for its increase only on the supposition that the rock or crag is projected at them, and they will be tempted, under the vivid impression, to draw themselves quickly back from the seeming missile, or, in other words, to *dodge it*. Also, whoever, while traveling at this rate, will occupy a place on the rear platform and let his eyes skim along the rail directly beneath, will hardly be able to escape from the conviction that the rail, instead of being a fixture on the road, is not running forward at a speed almost equal to that of the car.

In passing by rail over a wide, grassy prairie, or by steamboat through the immense levels of green marsh bordering our Southern seaboard, the head becomes almost giddy with the ceaseless whirl which is visible around any point as a centre on which the eye happens to be fixed, all objects nearer than that point seeming to run rapidly back, and all farther objects as rapidly forward. This gyration is so graceful that the observer is tempted to watch it long. After a few minutes, however, unless forewarned, he is liable to experience an illusion which for a moment or two may give him serious disturbance—at least such was the experience of the writer. On a bleak winter's day he was passing by steamboat through a wide and beautiful marsh, and was enjoying the apparent motion just described, from the warmest place at-



AN HOUR IN AN ITALIAN AMPHITHEATRE.

tainable on deck, which was to the leeward of the hot iron chimney. Suddenly turning his eyes from the green marsh to a spot on deck above the wheel-shaft, he was startled to see the planks apparently forced from their fastenings as if by some slow, resistless power, which moved them past each other at the rate of several inches per second. Having not a doubt (for "seeing is believing") that serious derangement had happened to the machinery below, and that the floor would soon be a total wreck, he sprang hastily away from the dangerous neighborhood, and at a safe distance turned to watch the progress of the accident. To his surprise, there was no break whatever. The planks occupied the same relative position, although they seemed even yet to be slightly moving. At this moment the thought occurred that the seeming motion of the planks was a reversed resemblance of the seeming whirl of the marsh, and was to be accounted for by the persistent impression made upon the retina. Hundreds of times since has he enjoyed the illusion, and called the attention of others to it, many of whom had never observed it before.

There is another optical phenomenon, not quite so much of an illusion, yet, being only a *seeming*, must be put into the same category. When the sun shines brightly upon the floor of a piazza or of an open bridge, causing a strong contrast between the illuminated faces of the planks and the dark lines of division between, if any one will walk firmly across these planks and interstices, keeping the line of sight steadily fixed downward and forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the floor, he will *probably* see a strange quivering of the planks, as if the floor were about to give way. The qualifying adverb "probably" is used because, although some persons discern the quivering on their first trial, others cannot discern it after repeated attempts. The quivering does not take place within the circle of perfect vision, but *just outside of it*; yet, so great did it appear to the one who first observed it, that he thought the bridge on which he was walking was about to be shaken to pieces. This illusion is explained by remembering that the interior of the eyeball is partly filled with fluids which, being jarred by the heel striking firmly upon the floor, cause a wavy motion of the retina in all those parts not kept steady by the muscles of the eye.

We give no notice of those remarkable, and in some instances terrible, hallucinations attendant upon a state of disease—hallucinations in which the individual sees, as plainly as with the real eye, the figures and faces of friends far distant, or of persons deceased, or of strangers never seen before, and, in cases of *delirium tremens*, of fierce demons haunting the sight or clinging to the person. The omission has been intentional. The object of the writer was to describe only those cases which have fallen under his own observation, and in which all persons may feel a practical interest, for the reason that they occur in every-day life, and the greater part of them may be verified by any one who will keep the eyes open at the proper time.

F. R. GOULDING.

A LIVE Chinaman, pigtail and all, is such an uncommon sight "in fair Verona, where we lay our scene," that I paused astounded, cigarette in one hand and coffee-cup in the other, as a very radiant Celestial, in a figured purple gown, calmly seated himself beside me, in front of the *café*, under one of the cool arcades that border the broad piazza Vittorio Emanuele. He proved to be communicative, and, after a short skirmish in the language of the country, in the course of which John showed a remarkable ability for converting French into Italian by the addition of an *o* or an *i* to each word, I abruptly addressed him a question in English, receiving a prompt reply in the same tongue. There was now no further hindrance to a free interchange of our experiences, and we sat and waited for the heat of the day to pass, and discussed America and Italy, but particularly the show-business, in which I soon found my friend to be warmly interested. As he rose to go away, he said:

"Of course you'll drop in and see our show this afternoon, even if it be Sunday?"

"To be sure," I replied, "if you'll tell me where to find it."

"In the Amphitheatre, at half-past four," said he, "and don't be late, for the sword-game comes first."

These words carried me back two thousand years in an instant. At half-past four o'clock, in the Amphitheatre, to see the sword-game! Of course I went, primed to the full with reminiscences of what I had learned of old Roman life, and prepared to see naval combats, or gladiatorial fights, as the supreme powers had dictated for that afternoon's enjoyment.

The Amphitheatre of Verona differs in no essential detail from other existing ruins, except in being much better preserved than the majority of these colossal structures; therefore a description of it would be of no great interest here. It is sufficient to say that it is one hundred and sixty-seven metres long, one hundred and thirty-three wide, thirty-two high, and will contain on its marble benches twenty-five thousand spectators seated, or seventy thousand standing! Occupying one corner of the piazza, almost in the very centre of the busy little city, it is the first object to meet the stranger's eye as he starts out in search of antiquities. Its blackened, shattered walls tower far above the neighboring houses, and furnish grateful shade to hundreds of lounging Italians gathered there in the heat of the day.

At the appointed time, I strolled through the gate at the grand entrance, and proceeded to exchange four sous for a large yellow paste-board, covered with Chinese characters. The ticket-seller, a very florid Englishwoman, assured me that the show was worth ten times the sum, only the Italians grudged even the trifle demanded, and carried in grown-up children as infants in arms; and she was proceeding with a vehement denunciation of the race, when a flourish of trumpets in

the interior announced that the show had begun, and I hastened in.

Through the damp corridor we went, our steps dimly lighted by great archways opening on the outside; up the broad, steep, stone stairs; along the symmetrically-curved passage, a marvel of thorough workmanship; up a short flight of brick stairs, and out upon the marble seats of the great ellipse. The first sight was an extinguisher upon my enthusiasm. The hour had been chosen when the shadow of the walls fell across the arena, and covered a tiny theatre, built of gaudily-painted boards, with a platform for the orchestra, and a few roughly-constructed private boxes and reserved inclosures. The grand lines of the arena dwarfed to trifling insignificance this mushroom excrescence on its broad level, and the blue-and-red-stained ornaments of this dramatic mockery were in little harmony with the fine and simple colors of the cool, gray marble in shadow, and the exquisitely-contrasting, broad, warm sunlight on the opposite side. On the marble benches were a thousand people, fairly lost in the great expanse of sitting-room reaching away on either side to the limits of the shadow; the reserved places held a few swells, who did not look so hard at an extra sou as the rest of us, and the blue coats of a military band were half hidden by the voluminous music-scores in the crowded orchestra.

The sword-game was about to begin. Two Chinamen, in crimson satin and blue-silk costumes hung with countless bells, occupied the stage. One of them—my friend of the *café*—acted as spokesman and general diverter of public attention; his companion was a tall, reticent, ugly-looking rascal, with cheekbones pushing out his pock-marked skin almost as high as the bridge of his Celestial nose, and with eyes of a very decided oblique angle. Two swords were produced; my interest quickened again, and I was almost persuading myself that there was to be fun between the barbarians, when the giant of the great jaw slowly began to cram both wide blades down his capacious, wound-proof throat, my friend meanwhile indulging in the most frantic jumping-jack exercises, and shrieking unintelligible spasmodic words of encouragement. When the blades were fairly in the giant's maw, and he looked like some bird of gay plumage spitted for the fire, feathers and all, the excitement of the audience was supreme. My cries of "*Habet! habet!*" were drowned by prolonged shouts of "*Bravo!*" with an accompaniment of hand-applause; and the noise did not diminish until he had unsipped himself successfully, and had repeated his *salam* a half-score of times.

The grand old interior gave dignity even to such a performance as we were witnessing; the voice of the people and their quick, sympathetic recognition of the efforts of the performers indicated the same impulsive spirit that their ancestors displayed in the enjoyment of nobler games; the same blue sky arched over the inclosure that smiled upon the bloody combats which turned men's hearts to stone as they grew accustomed to the horrid spectacles. This was, to be sure, a ridiculous parody on the sports of the Romans; but it required little effort of the imagination

to whisk out of sight the cheaply-painted theatre, to repeople entirely the immense ellipse with full, brown faces, bright garments, and to magnify the hum of the thousand into the murmur of fifty times that number. The upper row of benches cut off, for those seated lower down, any view of the town or country beyond, but the wide arches behind the spectators framed in beautiful pictures the sunlit streets and the broad piazza—pictures dancing in the heated air like the reflections in an unquiet pool. How many times have eyes weary of slaughter turned to gaze upon these peaceful pictures of flat-roofed houses with the sheaves of grain drying in the sun, the women knitting in the shade of the doorways, and the scrubby fig-trees casting sharp shadows of the broad leaves and plump figs on the dazzling white of the walls! The sound of wheels and the cries of children have come up then as to-day faintly through those arched openings, reminding the spectators that the sequel of the drama enacting before them little influenced the busy world outside, bringing back the sympathetic spirit to his habitation again—a welcome break in the tension of too great preoccupation with the exciting human struggles going on in the arena below, and wafting in with the cool breeze a little odor of peace, and home, and domestic comfort, to reach even the senses of the homeless wretches doomed to play with their lives for the entertainment of tyrants satiated with sensual pleasures, and for the diversion of a thoughtless people.

"Shoo, fly!" in a Roman amphitheatre! The conventional double-length shoes; the three-story collars; the nondescript garments of blue-and-white stripes; the shiny, black faces, with the raw, red mouths suspicious of a last pull of the needful in the wings; the tell-tale spots of florid skin around the eyelids and behind the ears—real American minstrels, and no discount. The rattle of the banjo reverberated probably for the first time between those walls; the limping, halting, shuffling walk-around; the India-rubber leaps and jointless poses; the lisping solo and spasmodic, hearty chorus, doubtless rarely echoed before in this solemn ruin. But the song-and-dance men gained consideration only from the hideousness of the make-up and the extravagance of their leaps. The spirit of the dance and the character of the music was wholly lost on the public. Indeed, my friend the Chinaman had informed me at the *café* that the song-and-dance men, or minstrels in general, were a profitless attraction on the bill. It seemed to be the general opinion around me that the dancers were Moors from Venice, since all the darkies seen in Verona are presumed to have come from the seaport; and it was loudly discussed whether it was a war-dance or a religious ceremony. My assertion that I had been in the country where the people had such entertainments between-meals found no believers. The black pair shuffled off, and a dumpy figure waltzed in in true *coryphée* style. The musicians were seen to fumble their scores, and, after some hesitation, goaded on by decided language on the part of the dancer, the orchestra reeled off, rather deliberately, the Highland fling,

sailor's hornpipe, Rory O'More, a clog-dance, the *cairdas*, and various other national dances, the lively little English girl dodging behind a screen and changing her dress, reappearing in an instant, always in costume to fit the part.

The flying-trapeze, with the "brothers," of course, was next swung out upon the stage, and, strangely enough, the skill and strength of the performers excited no comment, while the unflinching and simultaneous way in which they swung up into place side by side on the bar at the end of each feat called forth a thunder of *bravos*. My friend the Chinaman strutted a few brief moments on the boards, slicing the air with three or four bright knives, and nimbly slipped out by the wings while the audience was expecting a still greater exhibition of skill. Nevertheless he was cheerfully encored; truly it is part of an actor's art to give an impression of reserved powers. Another Chinaman played with a fresh egg; still another gave the ever-new fan-trick; and so there was no pause in the interesting series of games. But a model variety-show wasting its attractions on the unappreciative senses of a thousand Italians is truly a sad spectacle. And there was no reason why it should not have been an unqualified success. Time: the cooler hours of the daylight tapering off into approaching twilight. Place: the grandest of all theatres. Admission: four sous; children in arms (no limit as to age), half price.

But, interesting as the performance was to one for years away from the spleen-dispelling influences of the genuine variety-show, the study of types and characters in the audience was twice as entertaining and quite as profitable.

Among the spectators the vigorous inhabitants of the valley of the Adige were easily distinguishable from their more indolent neighbors of the plain, and their strongly-marked, rugged features furnished a type of the honest, happy mountaineer, with spirit as restless as the wind that blows through the gorges of the rapid stream, fed by the glaciers of the Alps. The sunny, fertile slopes of the Italian Tyrol lend much warmth and glow to the hearts of the people who cultivate the vine there, and the moment one begins to leave behind the chill regions of Southern Austria, peopled with victims of the *goitre*, *crétins*, and human animals of only sufficient strength of character to be unmitigated bigots in religion, that moment the warm rays of the Italian sun bring cheerfulness and merry hearts to all—fire to the eye, color to the cheek, and symmetry to the form. After the hideous faces of the Austrian Tyrol, the pure oval of the Italian type is grateful to the eye: nor is there found in any national type more diversity than in the type which is recognizable as Italian. Every one of the spectators at Verona would be recognized in Boston as Italian, and there were among them eyes as pale-blue as opal, and hair as light as the most bleached Saxon locks. Still, the Italian character was plainly marked in such faces; there was a child-like twinkle about the eye, a careless, improvident look that marks the common people

almost universally, and every movement of the features betrayed the impulsiveness of the Italian nature. Comelier faces than those of the Verona girls are rarely seen. Piles of powdered hair adorn the head, and a black veil, daintily adjusted, gives grace to every pose; nor do they scorn to plentifully besprinkle the rich skin of their faces with a coarse white powder, which heightens by contrast rather than subdues by superposition the rich, glowing, yellow complexion. The noisy romps of the girls in the old ruin, after the show was ended, put altogether out of the question any indulgence of my inclination for solitary meditation, and I retreated, leaving them masters of the arena, as the lineal descendants and legitimate heirs of the constructors and proprietors thereof.

F. D. MILLETT.

## HER GHOST.

HE guards me and guides me with faultless devotion,

I lean on his love in revering surrender;  
He moves me and moulds me as moonlight the ocean,  
When deep in the spell of its delicate splendor!

In him all my happiness rises and closes;  
He wins all allegiance my soul can deliver;  
His love is to mine what the stem to the rose is,  
The wing to the bird or the rain to the river!

And yet there are days when his matchless affection,  
Though free as of old from all shadow of error,  
Can wake in my spirit a dreamy dejection,  
A vague discontent, an intangible terror!

And death has no part in the fear that I cherish;  
My heart has its own mystic process of proving  
That love, when we see it so earthly perish,  
Leaps up into loftier powers of loving!

No, death cannot force me to tremble or falter;  
From causes more darksome my dread is engendered:  
Will time, with its tyrannous changes, not alter  
The passion that now is so peerlessly tendered!

Ah! what if his worship should wane and grow little?  
Should fade from the fervor I deem so delicious?  
Though strong are fidelity's bonds, they are brittle;  
Though love may be loyal, it may be capricious!

Oh, this is the ghost that in ceaseless persistence  
Pursues me with cold, subtle whispers of scorn,  
And over the dearest delights of existence  
Upraises one merciless finger of warning!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE give place here to a brief paper by one of our contributors, which touches upon a subject we have often discussed. We cannot agree altogether with the writer's estimate of lower-class dwelling-houses abroad, but in the main the views expressed are quite sound, and our national deficiencies, so well pointed out, call for attention. Many of the poorer dwellings in the London suburbs are to us excessively ugly, and many of the better class are wholly uninteresting in their style of architecture. But, however mean or ineffective an English house in itself may be, it is always rendered in a manner attractive by the adornment of flowers and vines; and everywhere in England supreme neatness is the rule. The slovenly streets of American towns, the untidy condition of railway-stations, village roads, and commons, the generally unkempt air that pertains to all our country-houses and city-dwellings below the best, strike one fresh from English travel very forcibly. At the same time he discovers more variety, vivacity, so to speak, and picturesque character in many of our town as well as country houses. In England the houses are flat and bare to the light—necessarily so, perhaps, in that climate—while with us the deep porch, the veranda, and the balcony, break up and vary the surface with picturesque projections. English streets are often very bare, cold, and uninteresting, on account of the long, flat line of houses, although the mellow tints of age often in part redeem the fault. Once transplant here English neatness and care of detail in garden, lawn, and street, and then we shall not have cause to fear, taking our structures as a whole, a comparison with modern domestic architecture anywhere. But hear what our contributor has to say upon this subject:

"One of the greatest charms to American tourists in Europe consists in the finish and simple adornment of the outsides of the homes of the lower classes. The natural order of things would lead us to suspect elegance in palaces, but, from our usual association of thought at home, poverty is synonymous with roughness of exterior arrangements. Of course, we are painfully impressed nearly everywhere in Europe by the squalid wretchedness of the habitations of large classes of the people, but side by side with these indications of ignorance and misery are significant marks of refinement and an old civilization. The history of the architecture of these dwellings of the poor is difficult to reach, but some obvious features of it have certainly arisen from the circumstances of climate and from the supply of building materials. The deficiency of wood, excepting in Switzerland, makes brick or stone to be used nearly everywhere; and the great heat of Southern Europe, and the necessity of making the house a stronghold, to some degree, against outside violence, have led to

the building of very thick walls. The Swiss chalets, with their low, overlapping roofs, shed the snow readily, and their eaves furnish convenient lean-tos, where fagots and household commodities are conveniently stored. But almost everywhere in Europe we see striking evidences of good taste and industry in the decoration of even the rudest dwellings by means of flowers, and, in many parts of the Continent, by the use of home-made lace as an ornament. The women of Europe, in fact, seem to use their hands more industriously than our women generally do, and are seldom idle, even when they are watching their children or sitting beside baskets of fruit or flowers in the market-place, and the fruits of this universal industry present themselves not only in the lace of commerce, but in the lace that beautifies their homes internally, and in the external ornament of lovely flower-gardens. As we walk through the clean, winding streets of Antwerp, or toil slowly up through the Swiss valleys, in many a nook and at many a turn we see two little windows clad in the whitest net-work of lace, made by the poor people in the midst of their important duties; and behind or above this simple lace drapery the room glows with flowers, varied and thriving as a conservatory. In the dark cottages of England the same sight appears, and where these adornments do not exist, the beholder instinctively feels that hope and cheerfulness are absent as well as the flowers. In scraps of ground so small that in America they would be almost sure to be wasted, around the little railroad-stations on nearly all the lines in England, and in the little strip that divides the sidewalk from the house, are splendid clumps of roses, mignonette, fuchsias, and the best of our hot-house plants, most carefully tended and trained to cover a homely wall or to convert an ungraceful door or window into a pleasing one.

"In striking contrast to this tasteful and elegant finish, formed out of the cheapest and most accessible materials, are the rough, uncarved-for towns and villages so generally found in the United States, and which are said to be consequent on a newly-settled country and the high price of labor. There is a great difference of taste as to the merits of a highly-artificial landscape, but in regard to the general qualities of the color of dwellings and the beauty of simple adornment there is no question. Within a few years, a number of wealthy and intelligent New-Yorkers, who make their summer home in one of the hill-towns of New England, have carried out the idea of improving the appearance of the village by forming a club with the permanent inhabitants, in which simple principles of good taste in dwellings and landscape gardening are discussed. The influence of this club has been most encouraging, for the staring white cottages and houses that formerly appeared bare of vines and destitute of shrubbery in the midst of rough fields, stony and overgrown, are now turned into unobtrusive dwellings, brown with the tints of natural wood and the earth, the doorways shaded by woodbine and delicate and beautiful flowers lighting up and lending elegance to the little streets.

"In these days of household-art, when it is sought to put beautiful and useful furniture within the reach of simple families, the adorning of the outside of our houses does not seem to have kept pace with the embellishment of their interiors. In a visit this summer to a popular New England resort, where sea, mountain, and climate, have done their best to make the place beautiful, the sight of the rough and vulgar door-yards made a dispiriting

impression, strong enough at times to eclipse the charm of all that Nature had done in the large features of the place. Succory and sorrel sprung up in every direction, interspersed with patches of rough earth and unkempt grass. Scarcely a cultivated flower appeared in the town, and no bit of garden, even a couple of feet square, gave indication that the least interest in the tasteful side of life existed in the mind of one of the inhabitants. Yet these people have time enough, and, except in the short summer season, are without pressing employments. Geranium-slips planted in boxes of earth in the winter, or verbenas or mignonette started in the stormy days of spring, with a little thought and a little time could relieve this disheartening aspect of a neighborhood whose untouched wild beauty has been blighted by man.

"The resources of flowers and vines are generally known to the wealthy class of Americans, and in their country-houses they have usually availed themselves of landscape-gardening. But it is only very lately that plants and vines have been introduced as an element of architectural effect. In the new houses in our cities whose walls are varied by balconies and by bay-windows of different shapes and of different colors of brick and stone, vines trail from story to story, and parlor garden-boxes full of flowers of every hue combine in a graceful mass one story of the house with another. Mingled with these are birds in their hanging cages, and tall plants growing in pots on the marble floor of the vestibule, which modify the dry, hot character of the house, and substitute for it coolness, elegance, and repose. But these villas and elegant town-houses form but a minor feature of the aspect of our country, and it is especially on its great democratic middle and lower class that we must rely for indications of the civilization and character of the people at large. The apostle of a good household taste in arranging and furnishing the interiors of our houses does real good, and helps to promote a healthy condition of society. In the same spirit we believe that whoever teaches people how they can make their villages and farm-houses more attractive does a really patriotic act, while he pleases and cheers the mind of everybody who looks upon a house and door-yard which, though humble in its material and construction, has been made beautiful by the expenditure of a little thought, and time, and taste. No house is so plain and homely that a woodbine, or ivy, or morning-glory, growing on a trellis over door or window, may not soften its rugged lines, and gray colors that tone with the landscape are usually more pleasing and not more costly than plain white paint. In time picturesque architecture will come everywhere, we doubt not, with red roofs, clustering chimneys, and pretty projections; but in the mean time, and while we cannot pull down and build over again our plain, square farm-houses and tedious rows of dwellings all alike in the village street, let all in town or country do what they can to vary and make beautiful their own and other people's bit of landscape."

THE little ones suffer and die these summer days, say the good Samaritans that go about among the poor. The air in the tenement-houses is close, the odors from the streets are unwholesome, and the little creatures hence need, we are told, the tonic of the sea-side and the healthful breezes from



the hills. The charity of the better-to-do, it is urged, should organize excursions to the country, and establish low-priced boarding-houses in rural places, where the sickly infants of the streets may be sent for recuperation and health. The sickness of the summer season being due, according to many urgent sympathizers, mainly to the confined quarters and bad air of the poor districts, the great remedy is an exodus of the sufferers.

But, unfortunately, with the best exertions of the charitable, very few of the poorer classes can get even a day's exchange of fetid gutters for grassy meadows. It is the dire necessity of the many to remain in town, during August suns as well as in January snows, and the sickness and mortality among this class can never be measurably changed by occasional episodes of fresh air. The evils which they suffer can be mitigated only by changes that reach their daily lives, by the acquisition of habits of cleanliness, and by a little knowledge in the elementary principles of hygiene. Children during the summer season perish by thousands mainly because their parents are hopelessly slothful, ignorant, and careless. Even the bad air the little ones breathe is a result of vicious indifference; gutters would not be foul if the parents of the children did not fill them with refuse, nor would the living-apartments be unwholesome if habits of cleanliness prevailed.

But bad air and close apartments are really but minor causes of summer mortality. The main reason is the idiotic blundering of the elders in the way of food. It is in these wretched haunts of the poor that the unripe fruit, the unwholesome meat, and the stale fish, find their ready consumers. It is here that brats abide after the model of Hood's "Lost Heir," and here that distracted mothers rave after the fashion set down by the poet:

"... To think of losing him after nursing him  
back from death's door,  
Only the very last month, when the windfalls,  
hang 'em, was at twenty a penny,  
And the threepence he got by grottoing was spent  
in plums, and sixty for a child is too many."

The green apples and pears at "twenty a penny" have very much to do with the dreadful mortality that the sea-air and the rural farm are designed to remedy. The rotten or unripe fruit is not, however, the sole responsible cause. The neglect and the blundering that accompany the sickness are potent agents in the cause of death. The untimely exposure, the injudicious medicine, the ignorant treatment, all contribute to the fatal results, and make us wonder how it is that children, thus exposed on all sides to danger, ever manage to pull through to manhood and womanhood. Mismanagement is the great criminal in our summer mortality; and mismanagement is formidable in other quarters

than the poor tenement-house. There are far too many deaths among the children of the better classes—too much neglect of wise precautions; too much ignorant administering of medicine; too little heed of the laws of ventilation, cleanliness, respiration, exercise; too much indifference and indulgence in food; in brief, too much dire mismanagement in all things. Common-sense and good judgment in the rearing of children are much needed in all ranks of life: in the better class they will come, perhaps, by experience; in the lower classes they can come only by general elevation and education. There is no remedy for the evil that does not strike at the root. Our Samaritans must labor to inculcate industry, self-reliance, and self-respect—with this moral elevation will come habits of cleanliness, order, and sobriety—a general better management in all practical things, out of which shall come bloom and health to the little ones.

INNUMERABLE have been the plans submitted to the New York Rapid Transit commissioners, and if out of the confusion of projects and the clash of opinions a good design is accepted, we shall have reason to praise the acumen and judgment of the gentlemen composing the commission. The perplexities pertaining to the subject are greatly increased by the contradictory opinions of engineers and experts. Those whose professional knowledge would seem to warrant confidence in their judgment are of as many opinions as persons. It will be necessary for the commissioners to be governed by the practical results of railroading the world over, and to turn a cautious ear to all projects, and to all arguments in opposition, that cannot find some measure of support from the testimony of actual experience. It would be well if the commissioners could run abroad for a few weeks and examine the operations of some of the roads there before deciding definitely upon any plan. This impresses us forcibly as a necessary preliminary in view of the many strange opinions uttered by engineers and others in the newspapers. One writer, for instance, asserts that an elevated track must be enabled to support cars and locomotives as heavy as those upon our ordinary surface steam-roads. Those who have traveled upon European roads are not likely to acknowledge the necessity of this, inasmuch as there the carriages and locomotives in ordinary use are much lighter than ours. Solid and substantial tracks with comparatively light-running stock would appear to an unprofessional observer sufficient reasons to account for the immense speed obtained in England with so little wear and tear—a speed that here would prove exceedingly destructive to our lighter-built roads. Most assur-

edly, it would be a blunder to mount upon an elevated track the ponderous cars now in use with us. A good deal is said about stopping and starting trains, about brakes, etc. The American car is peculiarly awkward in cases where passengers must be taken up and set down expeditiously. In an English carriage there is an exit for about every six or eight passengers, and hence a car is emptied almost instantaneously. Here, on the contrary, all must enter and leave by one very small door at each end of the vehicle. It is obvious that cars on a rapid-transit road, where there are frequent stations and brief stoppages, should be so constructed as to admit of the utmost celerity of the ingress and egress of passengers. And if we are not in error, we are behind our English friends in the matter of brakes. The ease and rapidity with which a train on the London underground railway is brought to a stand is almost marvelous. The train comes dashing into the station apparently at full speed; the inexperienced observer feels certain that it is going to rush by without stopping; but in an instant almost the train is stopped, and this with not so much jar as one feels on a New York horse-car when brought up quickly. The brakes are apparently worked by steam, and they are noiseless as well as effectual in operation. No one could see the working of the European railway-carriage without feeling its superiority over the American long box, with its colliding tides of travel struggling through narrow apertures, against busy brakenmen, and over cramped platforms—its superiority, at least, for the expeditious movement necessary for rapid local transit.

Two more ancient landmarks of London are threatened. "Doctors' Commons," a gloomy and musty old building which chokes light and air out of St. Paul's Church-yard, will speedily become but the shadow of a name. Christ's Hospital, a much handsomer and more imposing edifice, but equally in the way of the busy folk of the "city," will also, it is probable, give way to modern and commercial necessities. Doctors' Commons is not properly one of the sights of London, inasmuch as it provides nothing worth seeing. As the seat of the terrible office, however, which so long dispensed marriage-licenses, it has had a certain interest for London lovers. Like Gretna Green, its traditions are chiefly matrimonial. But Doctors' Commons had a still graver significance a few centuries ago; for it was there that were held the sessions of the court which corresponded to the Inquisition; many a heretic and witch was formerly sentenced to the fagots there in the olden time. Within the memory of men still living, curious pun-

ishments were awarded at Doctors' Commons; such, for instance, as condemning a costermonger, who was proved guilty of having told a rival tradesman to "go and be blowed," to fine and imprisonment. Dickens, in the "Sketch-Book," describes Doctors' Commons as "the place where they grant marriage-licenses to lovesick couples, and divorces to unfaithful ones, register the wills of people who have any property to leave, and punish hasty gentlemen who call ladies by unpleasant names." Since this was written, however, Doctors' Commons has lost many of these functions, and has come to be a mere dingy excrescence and obstacle to air and light; so the decree of *delenda est* is launched against it. Christ's Hospital is far more interesting as one of the great and ancient English charities. Who, that has visited London, has not seen the bareheaded "blue-coat" boys, with yellow stockings, running about in its neighborhood? Who, that has read the matchless "Essays of Elia," has forgotten Lamb's description of his early days as a "blue-coat," with their hardships and rough fun; where he was the schoolmate of Coleridge, who even then was given to long monologues on "the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus," and whom Lamb, remembering him as he was then, calls "the inspired charity boy?" It is a strange place, indeed, for a school containing not far from a thousand boys; but commercial London has grown up around it, where it has been standing above three centuries. It was founded by pious young Edward VI., and its income has gradually swollen by donations of state and individuals, till it has now attained the goodly figure of fifty-two thousand pounds a year. Many boys are sent thence every year to the universities; and once a year the lord-mayor and corporation proceed in state to Christ's Hospital to hear a sermon and sup in the great hall. It is thought best, however, to tear the fine old place down, and find a spot somewhere out of London for the "blue-coats," who will be greatly missed from the crowded streets round about Newgate.

ACCORDING to a current anecdote, a lady, whom a policeman had taken by the elbow to conduct across the street, turned to him, and said, "Sir, if I wish you to touch me, I'll ask you." If this response to the policeman's attentions seems a little ungracious, it is really not so. The officer was only performing a duty for which he was selected, and he had no right to presume upon his position so far as to take the least familiarity with either lady or gentleman for whom his services were required. It is not policemen alone who are guilty of this vulgar habit of taking people by the arm or shoulder. Conductors not only seize ladies by the elbow

in their entrance to or exit from the car, but are in the common habit of touching each passenger upon the shoulder when demanding his fare. It is not too much to say that any gentleman who found himself rudely touched in this way would be justified in knocking the man down, and equally justified in resenting such an offensive familiarity to any lady. And yet conductors and policemen are not so much to blame as their employers are. These men err through their ignorance; many of them, indeed, would be amazed to learn that there is any thing wrong or disagreeable in putting their hands upon others when no violence is intended. They have not been educated in those canons of breeding that teach the respect and reserve due to others, and do not understand that ladies and gentlemen with high sense of personal dignity cannot permit any one to lay his hands upon them. Hence, it is the business of those who place men in official positions to instruct them in all details as to their conduct. So long as this is not done, it would be well for every lady who finds herself familiarly handled in the way we have mentioned to resent the indignity in some such manner as in the instance we have quoted, and for every gentleman also to utter his protest in a similarly quiet but effectual style.

### Literary.

THE physiologists tell us that every kind of action which man does habitually or often tends to pass through three stages: the volitional, in which a distinct effort of the will is necessary to its performance; the voluntary, in which the will, though conscious, simply acquiesces; and the involuntary or mechanical, in which actions are performed in the customary way, independently of the will. We are inclined to think that with Mr. Anthony Trollope novel-writing has reached the last of these stages. It would certainly be impossible to find in literature an equal number of books which resemble each other so exactly and in so many ways as his last half-dozen or so of novels; and equally so to find any which indicate so little mental effort on the part of the author. His novels are always long—"The Way we live now" (New York: Harper & Brothers), for example, contains four hundred and eight large, double-columned, closely-printed pages—but there is no perceptible reason why they should not extend to a thousand, or two thousand, or any number whatever. Mr. Trollope apparently leaves off at any given point, not because he has nothing more to say, or because he could not go on indefinitely in the same way, but because he thinks the reader has had enough of one combination of circumstances and one set of characters. Now we do not mean to intimate by this that we think poorly of Mr. Trollope's novels. It may be said with perfect confi-

dence that few novels of our day are better in any respect than his, and none are more uniformly readable and amusing. The most omnivorous or the most *blasé* novel-reader can take up any one of them with absolute certainty of being entertained. The extent of our criticism is, that it has become easier for him to write than to refrain from it, and that his later novels partake of the defects inseparable from work upon which little pains is bestowed.

"The Way we live now" is a satire upon English high life, and a more despicable set of people, actuated by meaner motives, and performing worse actions, was probably never grouped together in a single novel. The trouble, indeed, is that the satire is too indiscriminate to be really effective; we lose our sense of the baseness of all knavery where the comparison is only between knaves and knaves, and no elevated standard is offered to us. The most malicious, if not the strongest, part of the satire is directed against the literary critics, against whom Mr. Trollope evidently feels that he has a grievance; and if his book has a serious purpose at all, it is to retort in kind upon the critics, and to let them know how little he esteems them. To this end we are introduced at the very beginning to three typical editors, whose characters are analyzed with great minuteness, and whose practices are exposed from time to time during the progress of the story. The first of these is Mr. Browne, editor of the *Morning Breakfast-Table*, "a man powerful in his profession—and fond of ladies." His praise of Lady Carbury's worthless book, "Criminal Queens," was obtained by that handsome lady's looking into his eyes, leaving her soft, plump hand for a moment in his, and resenting but mildly a kiss upon which he ventured. Mr. Booker, editor of the *Literary Chronicle*, is described more fully. "He was a hard-working professor of literature, by no means without talent, by no means without influence, and by no means without a conscience. But, from the nature of the struggles in which he had been engaged, by compromises which had gradually been driven upon him by the encroachment of brother authors on the one side, and by the demands on the other of employers who looked only to their own profits, he had fallen into a routine of work in which it was very difficult to be scrupulous, and almost impossible to maintain the delicacies of a literary conscience." He wrote for magazines, and brought out some book of his own almost annually; but he was driven by stress of circumstances to take such good things as came in his way, and could hardly afford to be independent. His praise of "Criminal Queens" (and very warm praise it was) was secured by a hint on the part of Lady Carbury that she was to review his "New Tale of a Tub" in the *Breakfast-Table*, and in doing so she was disposed to observe the golden rule. Mr. Trollope's most unenvied shafts, however, are reserved for Mr. Alf, editor of the *Evening Pulpit*, at whose hands he has apparently suffered in person. Mr. Alf had discovered the great fact that "a newspaper that wishes to make its fortune should never waste its columns and weary

its readers by praising any thing." His literary practices are illustrated by his treatment of "Criminal Queens:"

"In spite of the dear friendship between Lady Carbury and Mr. Alf, one of Mr. Alf's most sharp-nosed subordinates had been set upon her book, and had pulled it to pieces with almost rabid malignity. One would have thought that so slight a thing could hardly have been worthy of such protracted attention. Error after error was laid bare with merciless prolixity. No doubt the writer of the article must have had all history at his finger-ends, as, in pointing out the various mistakes made, he always spoke of the historical facts which had been misquoted, misdated, or misrepresented, as being familiar in all their bearings to every school-boy of twelve years old. The writer of the criticism never suggested the idea that he himself, having been fully provided with books of reference, and having learned the art of finding in them what he wanted at a moment's notice, had, as he went on with his work, checked off the blunders without any more permanent knowledge of his own than a house-keeper has of coals when she counts so many sacks into the coal-cellar. He spoke of the parentage of one wicked, ancient lady, and the dates of the frailties of another, with an assurance intended to show that an exact knowledge of all these details abided with him always. He must have been a man of vast and varied erudition, and his name was Jones. The world knew him not, but his erudition was always there at the command of Mr. Alf—and his cruelty. The greatness of Mr. Alf consisted in this, that he always had a Mr. Jones or two ready to do his work for him. It was a great business, this of Mr. Alf's, for he had his Jones also for philology, for science, for politics, for poetry, as well as for history, and one special Jones, extraordinarily accurate and very well posted up in his references, entirely devoted to the Elizabethan drama."

All this, it strikes us, is unworthy of Mr. Trollope, and if one were foolish enough to argue against palpable satire, we might ask him what substantial fault he has to find with Mr. Alf's literary staff. Since books (and very worthless books) of history, philology, science, poetry, and politics are written, is it not desirable to have Joneses who have special qualifications for passing judgment upon them in the various departments? or should we leave it to some popular novelist to measure their merits for us? Again, conceding Mr. Trollope's fancy that the "erudition" of critics comes from facility in consulting encyclopedias and the like, is it not a service to the public to expose, even by their aid, the pretensions of books which can err in the matter of such easily accessible knowledge? That the errors are really errors is what it concerns the public to know; how they were discovered is of little consequence.

To return to our general estimate of Mr. Trollope's work, it is marvelous that, writing so much, what he writes should be so uniformly good. Nevertheless it is certain that, while he produces at the rate of two or three bulky volumes a year, we can expect no more such novels as "The Last Chronicle of Barset," "Barchester Towers," and "The Small House at Allington." We would suggest, too, that his most plausible feud would be

with the artists rather than the critics. Of course he could not know beforehand that such pictures would be interpolated into the text of "The Way we live now;" but we think we could name several previous works of his in which the engraver has dealt far harder with him than even the *Evening Pulpit*.

READERS of the JOURNAL are already so familiar with Christian Reid's work that it is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon its special qualities. "A Question of Honor" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), her recently-published novel, is the most elaborate she has written since her first two, and, if it shows no decided advance upon the standard therein established, it is at least equal to them in point of literary merit. Few of our novelists have a purer ideal than Miss Reid, few rely so little on sensational incidents and melodramatic "effects," and fewer still have command of so vivid, flexible, and polished a style. Her dialogue at its best possesses the spontaneity, ease, and aptness of genuine conversation, and scarcely ever loses its naturalness of tone. Quite often she exhibits a true insight into character, and an instinct of personality which enables her to individualize distinctly her various *dramatis personæ*. Almost the only serious deficiencies of her work are, exaggeration and a total lack of humor. Of course no sane critic demands that a novelist shall neither rise above nor sink below the level of average people and every-day events; but a novel which departs widely from the very human experience which it proposes to depict, loses almost the only quality that gives it a *raison d'être*. Now Miss Reid's good people are a little too good, her foolish people a little too foolish, her refined people too refined, and her "chivalrous" people too chivalrous, to recall to our minds what we know of actual life. She has probably never encountered a real, orthodox villain, and she has the good sense and the good taste not to attempt to create one; so that her bad people are seldom too sinful to purchase the reader's forgiveness on easy terms. A sense of humor is more valuable to an author for its negative influence, probably, than for the positive advantages which it confers. Had Miss Reid possessed it, for instance, we are certain that "A Question of Honor" would have been different in many respects from what it is now. The very point on which its plot hinges would have been presented less nakedly, and there is no important character in the book whom its chastening hand would have left untouched. Even in matters of style its influence for the better would be felt—for one thing, it would induce Miss Reid to discard utterly the use of the word "chivalry" and its derived adjectives, and the word "knight" with its derivatives. It would require an elaborate treatise on the social differences between our own day and the middle ages to explain why the word "knightly," when used in describing a well-meaning young man, causes us to smile at him instead of to revere him; but the fact that it is so should be sufficient to eliminate it from the vocabulary of ordinary descriptive terms.

It is plain, we hope, that in speaking thus of Christian Reid's work we are applying a rather higher standard than it is customary to apply to current fiction. Compared with the average novel that claims our attention weekly, it is as unexceptionable in point of art as it is wholesome in tone and interesting in story.

THE contemporary novel is devoted so exclusively to subjective study of character, or to delineation of the social circumstances which produce bigamy, seduction, forgery, and the other highly-civilized vices, that a tale like "Harwood" (New York: E. J. Hale & Son), with its deer-hunt, its panther-fight, its solitary and revengeful Indian, its sword-duel, its mottoes and coats-of-arms, its haunted trees, and digging up of buried treasure, seems old-fashioned and out of date. Perhaps it is this very novelty of method and of incident which constitutes the chief attraction of the story; but its plot is dramatically conceived, and the narrative portions at least animated and well written, and it holds the reader's attention with a firmness of grasp which it seems difficult to account for when we lay down the book and come to analyze its contents. In truth, however, "Harwood" is a good specimen of that objectively realistic species of fiction which Poe carried to such perfection in his short stories, such as "The Gold Bug;" and it is simply in masquerade when it puts on the paraphernalia of a novel. The interest is confined wholly to the narrative, the personal adventures, the unraveling of a piquant mystery; the characters are a conventional collection of lay figures, and the dialogue, love-making, and the like, could hardly be made more perversely unnatural. We do not wonder that the author found it impossible to comply with the publishers' suggestion that his tale should be lengthened. He would have found it much easier to cut out half the included matter; and, if the cutting out were done judiciously, the story would be greatly improved in an artistic sense.

Besides the narrative proper, "Harwood" contains a half-dozen preliminary chapters, in which the author professes to relate his experiences with various editors and publishers in his efforts to get the book published. These chapters were confessedly added merely to increase the bulk of the volume, and the questionable taste of the performance is not disguised by their egotistic frankness and "smart" style. We advise whoever may be attracted to the book by our notice to begin with "Herbert's Journal," and this advice is given as much in the interest of the author as of the reader.

"EGLANTINE," on the title-page of which the author of "St. Olaves," etc., for the first time reveals her name,\* is an unpretentious story, almost commonplace in its plot and incidents, but interesting and exceptionally well written. It is autobiographical in form, purporting to be written by a middle-aged

\*Eglantine. A Novel. By Eliza Tabor, Author of "St. Olaves," "Hope Meredith," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.



woman, who, looking back over her past, yields to a longing to "write the story of that past, so that when the evening comes, and the companions of my life have dropped away from me, and I wait alone till the time comes for me to go to them, I may not be quite alone, having them with me still in what I can remember of them." This sentence from the introductory chapter strikes the key-note of the story as to both substance and style; for the narrative is one which might really have been written for her own satisfaction by a refined and cultivated lady, whose life had been spent "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," whose experience had scarcely transcended the bounds of the domestic affections, but who had passed beneath the chastening hand of sorrow. Skillful as it is in construction, however (and few fictitious autobiographies maintain the illusion more perfectly), the strength of the book lies in its character sketches. None of the characters are distinctly new, perhaps, though we do not at the moment recall a prototype of Mr. Leslie, the retired mathematician and student of science; but the special relations and circumstances in which they are placed are sufficient to individualize them clearly. "Tyne" (Eglantine), for example, belongs to a not unfamiliar type of heroine, yet the tenderness, the reserve, the entirely feminine stand-point from which she is here revealed to us, give her the freshness and charm of an entirely original creation. The same may be said of Miss Leslie, the narrator, of John Elphinstone, the curate, and of Joe Rollekis, the coast-guardsmen, who, out of somewhat conventional types, are gradually converted into persons whose complete individuality it is not at all difficult to concede.

"Eglantine," in short, is a good illustration of the kind of success which may always be achieved by an author who is satisfied to aim at what is clearly within her power to perform, and who respects that aim sufficiently to spare no pains in carrying it out. It is in no respect a great novel; but it is thoroughly good of its kind, and will add to the reader's stock of "harmless pleasure."

The quarterly reviews have now begun to indicate their (presumably weighty) opinion of "Queen Mary." The *Quarterly*, analytical and mildly laudative throughout, says: "To sum up our opinion of 'Queen Mary,' we are inclined to think it the best specimen of the literary drama which has been written in our time. It is, at least, admirable in form. It is better than Mr. Browning's dramatic studies, which have no form at all. It is better than 'The Spanish Gipsy,' which has a hybrid form. It is better than 'Bothwell,' as it has more backbone, and less of the enormous volume and verbosity which, we think, would always prevent Mr. Swinburne from achieving success as a dramatist. Of the dramatic *spirit*, in the Shakespearean sense, the play, as we have said, has nothing; it lacks the personal interest which might recall the genius of national action, and excite the ardor of patriotism by the representation on the stage of great historic examples. It is guilty, too, of the blunder, at once historical and dramatic, of making a heroine out of Bloody Mary. Of course, it will be acted. *Tiò* and *Joan* will appear in miraculously accurate costumes of

the period; Aldgate will be very 'richly decorated;' we shall be delighted with the exact representation of Lambeth Palace and St. Mary's Church; and a popular actress will doubtless draw tears from sympathetic eyes when she exclaims that 'she has slain her *Philip*!' It will be acted, and then, like all plays that want the soul of action, it will disappear from the stage. But, as an intellectual exercise, as a scientific study of abstract motives, as a stimulant of those subtle ideas which the luxurious modern imagination delights to substitute for action, as a monument of ingenious and refined expression, in all these points Mr. Tennyson's drama may long continue to afford pleasure to the reader. And more than this, at a time when the tradition of the poetical drama has been forgotten on the stage, it would perhaps be idle to expect."

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* gives a bit of entertaining gossip about the habits and occupations of M. Thiers. "There is nothing the matter with M. Thiers," he says, "beyond his seventy-eight years. His health is excellent, his spirits are elastic, and his activity is unabated. He is on foot between four and five in the morning. On getting out of bed he takes a cup of chocolate. He then runs about the garden, looking at the flowers, visits the greenhouse, and goes to see his horses. After doing this he ascends to his library, on the first floor, to work at his desk or to classify his papers. M. Thiers has several literary irons in the fire. He is still engaged on his philosophical treatise, and he is writing memoirs. A 'History of Modern French Art' is also said to be in course of progress." . . . The *Athenæum* observes that "young poets are apt to be low-spirited, not to say disdainful of happiness and regardless of mirth." . . . Two new and important documents relating to Shakespeare have been discovered lately. One is said to show conclusively that there was no substantial foundation for the scandal concerning the poet and Mrs. Davenant, of Oxford; and the other is a quarto volume containing six plays issued during the life of Shakespeare, including the first edition of "Troilus and Cressida." . . . Some of the best European novels are being translated into Spanish, and published under the title of "Biblioteca de Buenas Novelas." Works by Hendrick Conscience and Xavier de Maistre have been selected to begin the series. . . . A rumor which will delight all true lovers of literature is to the effect that Mr. James Russell Lowell will begin to publish next autumn eight or ten volumes of English plays and poems, from Marlowe to Dryden, which he has undertaken to edit. The first volume will probably be devoted to Marlowe. . . . Dr. R. B. N. Walker, who has been ten years located at the Gaboon, and with the French expeditions, is now on his way home with the intention of publishing his twenty-five years' experiences in Equatorial Africa, during which time he has visited nearly all the colonies and countries on the West Coast. . . . The poet Seidl, author of the Austrian national hymn, "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser," died at Vienna on the 18th of July. . . . Mr. Swinburne is said to be writing an article on Beaumont and Fletcher for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." . . . Miss Braddon is writing a new novel, entitled "Dead Men's Shoes," which will be published in various English, Irish, and Scotch journals. Translations of the novel will also appear simultaneously in France, Germany, and Russia. . . . Portugal has lost one of its few successful poets and writers by the death of the Condé da Castilho. The count, who

died at the age of seventy-five, lost his eyesight in early youth, but was nevertheless an indefatigable student, and during the half-century that intervened between his death and the occurrence of the calamity which brought on his blindness he devoted himself to the study of classical and modern poetry. Among his numerous works special attention is due to his translations from Ovid, Goethe, and Shakespeare, while his collection of original poems, entitled "Primavera," many of which treat of blindness are very highly esteemed by his countrymen. . . . A public library has recently been established at Yeddo for the use of both natives and foreigners. It is open all the year round, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., except on national and general holidays. Readers are allowed to make excerpts, but are not allowed to borrow books from the premises without the special permission of the Minister of Education. . . . The tireless Mrs. Oliphant begins a new novel in the August *Macmillan*, entitled "The Curate in Charge." . . . The new sixpenny English monthly, entitled *The London Magazine*, of which our London correspondent, Mr. Will Williams, is editor, will contain in its first number articles by Henry J. Byron, Charles Gibbon, Edmund Dacey (editor of the *Observer*), Charles H. Ross (editor of *Judy*), William Sawyer, Dr. N. C. Bennett, Harvey S. Leigh, Austin Dobson, Frederick Locker, Lady Duffries Hardy, William Black, and Hon. Rodney Noel—certainly a goodly array.

## The Arts.

THE Inter-States Industrial Exposition at Chicago is announced to open September 10th, and the display promises to be unusually comprehensive and fine. In addition to the exposition of the industrial products of the West, it will embrace a large collection of paintings, sculptures, and other art-objects. Last year the art display, which was organized under the direction of Mr. Henry W. Derby, contained nearly six hundred works, the majority of which represented foreign names, and were selected from the best private collections in this city. The galleries for the exhibition of art-works in connection with the exposition building are six in number, and have skylights, and are in every respect admirably adapted for the purpose intended. This year the organization of the exhibition has been placed under the control of Mr. Stafford, who has made it his aim to give it more of an American character than the corresponding display had last season, and, with that object in view, he has secured the coöperation of Mr. R. E. Moore, of Union Square in this city, and Mr. William H. Beard, the animal-painter. By well-directed efforts they have already sent forward upward of four hundred works of art to Chicago. Of this number, at least three hundred and fifty have been contributed by New York owners, both artists and collectors, and a large proportion of the paintings represent American names. The arrangement of the exhibition is under the direction of Mr. Beard, and the plan is to form groups, so far as possible, of the works of the leading artists. Although the works of our New York artists will largely predominate in the exhibition, those of Boston, Philadelphia, and other lead-

ing Eastern cities, it is anticipated will make a fair show. The Chicago artists have been allotted one gallery for the exhibition of their own works. Among the New York artists whose contributions are to be grouped is Mr. E. Moran, the marine-painter, who sends as his *tour de force* a large picture entitled "The Missing Ship." It is a twilight scene, with a great, cumulous cloud hanging over the horizon-line, and rising apparently out of the billowy sea, and "the missing ship" appears sailing on her unknown course in the dim and fading distance. Mr. Moran has given considerable thought to the composition of this work, and its expression of poetical sentiment will find many admirers. Mr. Moran also sends a view in New York Bay during a rain-squall, which is very spirited in its rendering of the effect of a short, chopping sea; and lighters, sloops, and other small vessels, scudding before the gale. De Haas, as his leading composition, sends a view in the British Channel, under the effect of a stormy sky; and a moonlight at sea, with vessels in the foreground, and a strong effect of soft, mellow-toned light shimmering on the water. Mr. Cropsey contributes one of his large autumn scenes on Greenwood Lake, with the forests upon its banks glowing with the crimson and golden tones peculiar to the season. From Mr. McEntee's easel there is a midwinter snow-storm, with figures portrayed with more than his usual force and impressiveness; and Mr. Casilear contributes a view of Lake Brienz, Switzerland, under the effect of a silvery-toned sky, and the rugged features of the mountains on the distant shore, softened by atmospheric influence, which is introduced with marvelous subtlety and the most refined feeling. William Hart, George C. Lambdin, Frederick E. Church, James M. Hart, S. J. Guy, Albert F. Bellows, William T. Richards, A. H. Wyant, Eastman Johnson, William Magrath, J. B. Bristol, and J. G. Brown, are also well represented in the collection. The exhibition, we have every reason to believe, will be creditable to American art, and its influence upon art-culture at the West will no doubt prove salutary.

THE committee on the Sumner Monument in Boston offered the sum of five hundred dollars for the three best models for it, but without engaging to use any of them. As a result, twenty-six models of Mr. Sumner are now on exhibition in the new post-office building of that city, and are quite interesting from their variety. The committee limited the pose to a sitting figure, and as such the subject is represented in the models. They have been made by artists from every quarter, and are of various degrees of excellence, two or three being conspicuously good above the rest. In most of these models reference is made, by the presence of colored people about the pedestal of the statue, to his connection with the slavery question. Mr. Sumner's figure and bearing when he was standing erect were very imposing, as everybody will remember, and, on this account, by restricting his posture to a sitting one, the committee have deprived the artists of their strongest advantage. Sitting, the

senator's figure in these models is, in most cases, insignificant, and, with one exception, is commonplace. A pleasant, easy form, in one instance, looks as if listening to an animated conversation. In another, considerable dramatic action is expressed in his head half turned round, as his eye glances at a manacled slave who is stretching toward him from behind. This figure is the only one in bronze color in the collection, and, while it is vicious so far as real art is concerned, has more than any of the others to raise it above the level of the portrait of an ordinary gentleman sitting for his likeness.

In the pedestals a great deal of ingenuity has been shown, the one of the model most easy and most like Mr. Sumner being particularly pleasing. We have sometimes alluded in the pages of the JOURNAL to the eminent features of the African race for art-treatment. The artist here has seized on these capabilities, and, in a procession of colored people in bass-relief around the pedestal, he has depicted a scene of almost Greek and Arcadian innocence, where the freed slaves, with their children and lambs and goats, are garlanded and dancing in happy freedom.

SOME pictures at Goupil's are worthy of attention. One by Bouguereau is the more noteworthy from the fact that it was painted several years ago, and shows in its treatment the conscientious feeling which belonged to his earlier work, when he was painting more for fame than for money. The subject represents an Italian peasant-woman seated in a reclining attitude upon the leaning trunk of a great chestnut-tree, with two naked children playing upon the mossy-carpeted earth before her. The children are caressing each other, and their action is watched with pleasure by their sweet but sad faced mother. There are few artists who are the equal of Bouguereau in the treatment of this class of subjects. His drawing is excellent, and he throws around his groups an atmosphere of delicate refinement which appeals to every heart. In the painting of the flesh there is both a tenderness of tone and a transparency which reminds one strongly of his work in the picture of "The Twins" in Mr. Belmont's collection, which was also executed eight or ten years ago. Of Compté-Calix's work there is a landscape with figures. It is one of his best efforts at figure-painting, and one in which the landscape is kept thoroughly subordinate. The scene is laid in a French park, and a pretty and spirited-looking *bonne* is shown in the foreground holding on to the skirts of a little truant boy and applying a switch vigorously to his bare body and legs. He has been playing on the bank of the pool of water which is shown beside the group, and his ball and hat are floating away with the current. The pet dog belonging to the little truant is barking vigorously as the *bonne* plies her switch, and in the distance the ladies of the chateau are hurrying to the scene, their steps hastened, no doubt, by the lusty crying of the boy. The composition is graceful, and as a study of figures, in connection with a dark-wooded background, it presents many excellent qualities. Boutibonne, who is celebrated for his

parlor-pictures with studies of modern costumes, as well as the exquisite finish he gives to them, has a Swiss mountain-scene with a party of young ladies and gentlemen taking a ride in a great open traveling-carriage. It is what may be termed a foreground picture, as the carriage and its pretty girls and their escorts take up the whole canvas. There is the same care shown in the drawing and painting of the figures and costumes which is so attractive in Boutibonne's interiors, but the composition is too elaborate apparently to be real. Its coloring is extremely brilliant and as harmonious as a poem. The collection also embraces a Pompeian interior, with the figure of a graceful girl hiding behind the lintel of an open door as if awaiting the coming of a friend. There is a greyhound crouching at her feet, and other accessories which add to the interest of the composition. The coloring is rich, and is strongly suggestive of Cooman's work. There are works by Wyant, Ch. Jacque, J. G. Brown, Baugniet, and other eminent names, which are also worthy of attention.

THE buildings erecting for the Museum of Arts and the Museum of Natural History, one within and one upon the border of Central Park, are not likely to prove ornamental to our pleasure-ground or to satisfy cultivated taste. It is a matter of surprise as well as vexation that structures from which we have all hoped so much should prove absolute architectural failures. Like so many recent up-town public buildings, they are constructed of brick with granite trimmings—a contrast of tones peculiarly raw and unpleasant, which should have been specially avoided in view of the numerous conspicuous warnings the architects have been giving; nor is the form of either of these museum-buildings picturesque, noble, or inspiring. They both have very much more resemblance to factories than to edifices devoted to art and culture. That an institution like the Museum of Art, the sole purpose of which is to cultivate taste and afford instruction in the arts, should deliberately house itself in a shapeless and ugly pile of discordant material, is something to be greatly wondered at, and specially so in view of the well-known art-taste of the president of the institution.

A CRITICISM by the *Nous Frois Presse* on a new statue by the Italian sculptor Monteverde is as follows: "The art-critic Stendhal wrote in the year 1828: 'Can sculpture represent Napoleon as he gazes over the sea from the cliffs of St. Helena, or Lord Castlereagh at the moment of his suicide? Were that possible, Canova's successor would be found.' Stendhal intended by this remark to point out impossible material for the sculptor's art. The question has since then been answered in the most brilliant manner by the modern sculptor Monteverde. We had, at the Vienna Exhibition, an opportunity of admiring his 'Jenner.' No one had thought it possible to treat the act of vaccination artistically. Monteverde has accomplished the impossible, and fulfilled the task. His latest statue, 'Labor,' is another masterpiece in this direction; he has succeeded in expressing in the figure of a strong man

the dilemma whether he shall betake himself to work which leads in the end to solid domesticity, or to the public house which not unfrequently leads to the galleys. A mere glance at this figure leaves no doubt that it represents 'Labor.' Monteverde at first intended to carry out his design by means of a group; he, however, destroyed the figure, nearly finished, of a genius showing the right way; the second figure, which the destroying hammer spared, speaks for itself and fully expresses the artist's idea."

A WRITER in *Fraser* on "Artist and Critic" has some just comments, we think, on the disposition of artists to undervalue subject. "Most painters," he says, "are so thoroughly and all but exclusively taken up with the *technique*, that they care little for any thing besides. The artist loves the *art* in a picture so much that he is jealous of the subject. Praise the subject, and he had almost as lief you praised the frame. I have often heard artists say that, in looking at a picture, the subject made no difference to them. That might be trivial or even ignoble, so long as there was good color, drawing, composition. Now, in my humble opinion, if the *technique* be the life of a picture, the subject is something even higher—it is the soul of it. Besides drawing, composition, and color, there must be *expression*. Drawing, composition, color, may be considered and estimated separately in a given picture; expression belongs to the whole work and to every part; and that which is pictorially expressed is the real subject and the soul of the picture."

THE project for a monument to Byron has assumed larger proportions. Instead of a slab over his grave at Hucknall, it is now intended to erect a monumental statue of Byron in some public place in the metropolis, of such importance as to assume the character of a national monument. The scheme has not yet taken a definite shape; still, not only is a marble statue in contemplation, but also a canopy in classic style to protect it, and give importance to the work. For this purpose a sum of ten thousand pounds is required; and it is hoped that it may easily be raised among admirers of the poet. The Scott monument at Edinburgh cost fifteen thousand pounds.

## From Abroad.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

August 3, 1875.

THE competition for prizes at the Conservatoire has come to an end. In some respects the classes this year have given very satisfactory proofs of progress on the part of the pupils. The lucky prize-holders have a good time of it. Those who get the first prize for tragedy and comedy enter the Comédie Française at once, and the winners of the second prize go to the company of the Odéon. In like manner, the first prize for singing entitles the lucky holder to an immediate engagement at the Grand Opéra. The jury on singing comprised, among others, such well-known names as those of Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, and Wartel, the teacher of Nilsson. M. Couturier, who carried off the first prize, has a most beautiful tenor voice, and was loudly applauded. The Grand Opéra takes also the second prize-holder, M. Gally, who has a noble basso voice. There is promise of a new and brilliant star in the galaxy of prima donnas in the person of Mademoiselle Vergin, who car-

ried off two first prizes, that for the Grand Opéra and that of the Opéra Comique. She is graceful, intelligent, and unaffected, and her double success called forth enthusiastic plaudits. The class of tragedy was lamentably small. Six gentlemen and one lady only presented themselves, and there was no first prize awarded. M. Marais, a pupil of M. Minusc, obtained the highest recompense accorded, that of a second prize, and the solitary female was not adjudged worthy of even honorable mention. The men fared as badly in the comedy class, wherein there were many more competitors, but Mademoiselle Samary, a pupil of M. Bressant, carried off the highest honors among the ladies. The small hall of the Conservatoire was crowded to suffocation. Numbers of people got in that had no right there and no entrance-ticket, by a very simple trick. To enter the vestibule it is merely necessary to show one's ticket at the door. The lucky ticket-holder, therefore, would enter, ramble around for a minute or two, and then pass his ticket through an open window to a friend outside, the same manoeuvre being repeated indefinitely. For be it known that it is very hard to gain entrance to the *concours* of the Conservatoire, and the desire to be present is of course in due proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the desired permission. Fortunately the weather was not very warm, or pupils, jury, and audience alike, would have been stewed in that hot, stuffy, little hall. The jury for tragedy and comedy was enough to give any poor novice a chill merely to contemplate appearing before them; it was composed of such names as those of Alexandre Dumas, Edouard Thierry, M. Perrin, Director of the Comédie Française, and Got and Delaunay, of the same theatre.

A good deal of interest was excited the other day among musical critics by the announcement that portions of a new opera called "Dimitri," by M. Victorin Joncières, was to be performed before M. Halanzier at the Grand Opéra with closed doors, the public being, of course, excluded. There have been many rumors afloat respecting this new opera, which is founded on the Russian historical legend of the pretender Demetrius, called in the libretto Dimitri. The author of the libretto is no other than M. de Bornier, in collaboration with M. Sylvestre. The work was all ready to be performed before M. Halanzier, when Madame Rosine Bloch, to whom the leading rôle had been confided, fell ill. She was replaced by Madame Fursch-Madier, and the opera was finally gotten ready for the decisive trial. But, after singing the fourth number of the petition, a duet between the soprano and the tenor, Mademoiselle Daram was seized with a violent fit of hysterics, which put an end to the performance. *Pas de chance*, M. Joncières, no more than Madame Geneviève de Brabant!

M. de Lorgeil, whose persistent and not unreasonable opposition to the expenditure of the vast sums which have been lavished on the new opera-house has been unvarying and remarkable, came to the front again with a fresh charge of extravagance and unreasonable demands on the occasion of the late motion in the Assembly for a grant of three more millions (six hundred thousand dollars) to complete the edifice. His passionate appeal to the good sense and economy of his *confrères* was only met by shouts of derisive laughter. Finally everybody took to talking to his next neighbor instead of listening to the speech of M. de Lorgeil, and the feeble voice of the speaker was drowned in the hum of private conversations. After he got through, M. Cal-

laux undertook to reply to him. His argument was that it was too late for economy, that the opera-house was built, and that it *must* be finished. Another deputy, M. Testelin, joined in the protestations of M. de Lorgeil, but in vain. The amount was granted by a large majority. The great art-failure of our century is consequently destined to swallow up three more million francs.

A few weeks ago I gave an extract from a forthcoming work entitled "Curious Papers of a Courtier," by the Vicomte de Beaumont-Vassay. Last Sunday the author stepped into his publishers' warerooms to confer with them about his just-published work, when a sudden rush of blood streamed from his mouth and he fell dead on the floor. His funeral took place yesterday. Sudden deaths seem to have been unusually rife amid the literary and artistic celebrities in France of late.

At its next private sitting the Academy is to take into consideration the prize of six thousand francs instituted by the late M. Guizot for the best work, whether in prose or in verse, that has appeared during the past ten years. How, in the name of all that is wonderful, will they ever manage to come to a decision? Of course, among the Forty, there must be a great diversity of literary tastes—some must admire Victor Hugo, while others detest him; there must be those who swear by George Sand, others who adore Dumas, etc.; "La Légende des Siècles" will have one set of advocates, "La Marquise de Villemer" another, and so on. I confess that I am quite curious to learn the result of their deliberations. But, if the prize were to be accorded to the work that had the largest sale during the period aforesaid, what think you would be the winner of the Guizot prize? That almost unmentionable mass of filth, the "Mademoiselle Giraud, ma Femme," of Bédot, that precious novel having already passed through forty-two editions! A charming comment, truly, on the moral and literary tastes of the France of the present day!

Great men should have good memories, or at least should look closely to their statements. The royalist and imperialist papers are now making merry over a slip of the pen of Victor Hugo. In the preface to his last-published work, "Avant l'Exil," occurs the following passage:

"One October evening in the year 1812, I was passing the Church of St.-Jacques du Haut-Pas, holding my mother's hand. A large, white placard was posted up against one of the columns of the doorway. My mother stopped me, and said, 'Read.' This is what I read: 'Empire Français. By sentence of the First Council of War, the ex-Generals Malet, Guidal, and Lahorie, have been shot in the plain of Grenelle.' 'Lahorie,' said my mother, 'remember well that name. He was your godfather.'"

Turn we now to "Victor Hugo: Related by a Witness of his Life," a work that was written under the poet's immediate supervision, if not from his actual dictation—indeed, some go so far as to say that he wrote it himself, which is more than probable. We open at page 220 and find the following paragraph:

"The next day Eugène and Victor were passing by St.-Jacques. One of the fine penetrating rains of autumn was falling. The rain was a pretext for the two children to linger in the street, and to shelter themselves under the colonnade. While they were laughing and playing, the attention of Victor was attracted by a placard. It was the sentence which had condemned Malet, Lahorie, and their accomplices, to death. The execu-



tion was to take place that very day. These names revealed nothing to the children; they only knew Lahorie under the false name which he bore when he was concealed at the Foulantines. Victor recommenced laughing and playing, while his godfather was being put to death."

What think you of the two passages!—the careless gaiety of the unthinking child transformed a few years later into an indelible remembrance which was to decide the whole future life of the poet? The simple fact is probably this: In each passage there is an effect—the effect of contrast in the earlier passage, that of solemnity and impressiveness in the later. False, if you will; but, oh! how essentially, how thoroughly French! Never mind truth—be dramatic and striking at all hazards!

Michel Levy has just published "La Bête Noire," a new novel by Edouard Cadol, and "Pompili—Herculeanum; A Study of Roman Manners," by J. de Seranon. Casimir Pont has issued "La Vie Parisienne," by Armand Lapointe; and Dentu announces, among other forthcoming works, the last volume of "Les Cinq," by Paul Feval; "Les Belles Folies," by Jules Claretie; and a new edition of "Les Demoiselles de Ronçay," by Alberic Second—this last work has received the prize of virtue as being the most conducive to morality of any issued within the last year. The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a fantastic tale, by Paul de Musset, entitled "Les Dents du Turco," and the first installment of a novel, by George Sand, called "Marianne." A propos of George Sand and her contributions to that periodical, we are told that some years ago she quarreled with the editor, and only consented to write for it again at a rate of compensation theretofore unheard of in the annals of the *Revue*—it paying worse, probably, than any other periodical of the same repute and prosperity. The terms she exacted were one thousand francs (two hundred dollars) per printed sheet of the *Revue*—which, as a sheet consists of sixteen pages, was only twelve dollars and fifty cents per printed page—by no means an exorbitant price when the celebrity of George Sand as a writer is taken into consideration. Her only English-writing rival, George Eliot, could probably command four times as much. But the price was an unheard-of one for the *Revue* to give, and it was not without many groans and sighs that the publishers consented to her terms. It is a well-known rule with the editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* never to pay for the first article of any author that appears in their pages, no matter how great or how well-founded the renown of that author may be.

I have been told that, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the elder Dumas was actually a married man. His wife was an actress. Their union was by no means a happy one, and they soon separated by mutual consent. The mother of his celebrated son was of good family but reduced circumstances, and when she first met the great novelist she was keeping a small circulating library on one of the side-streets of Paris. And, a propos of the elder Dumas, the following anecdote respecting him has been recently published: A friend once called upon him to request him to indorse a note. This Dumas cheerfully agreed to do, and, as he took up the pen, he glanced at the note, and asked:

"How much is that stamped paper worth?"

"Ten cents," was the reply.

Dumas wrote his name, and, flinging down the pen, he cried:

"Now it is worth nothing!"

The theatres are beginning to display symptoms of the approach of the busy season. The Variétés reopened its doors last night with Serpette's "Manoir de Pietordu." Aimée and "Les Brigands" are set down for the 15th of this month. Notwithstanding the continued success of the "Procès Vauradieux" at the Vaudeville, it is to be replaced on Saturday by a drama in verse, called "Jean-Nu-Pieds." The arrival of Mademoiselle Delaporte from Russia is anxiously awaited at the Gymnase. She is to make her *entrée* in a revival of "Frou-Frou," in which play she has had great success in St. Petersburg. If she were only not so plain, but she is downright ugly, and not with a picturesque or poetic ugliness either. However, she is one of the most delicately-pure of actresses—a chaste and *sober* talent, as some of her French critics define it. The production of Sedaine's "Philosophe sans le savoir," at the Comédie Française, has been postponed on account of the illness of Maubant, who has been suffering from ophthalmia. The piece is to be played according to the original text, the original manuscript of Sedaine having been lately discovered among the archives of the Comédie Française. Blanche Baretta is to sustain the character of the heroine. There is again talk of producing "Faust" at the Grand Opéra. This time it is said that the brilliantly-successful *débütante*, Mademoiselle de Reszké, is to be the *Marguerite*. But Gailhard, the basso, has just gone off on a *congé* of a month, so that the rôle of *Mephistopheles* will have to be confided to Bataille, who is a very inferior singer. Rossini's "Count Ory," and a new ballet called "Sylvia," are also in preparation, but will not, it is said, be produced before next October. The scenery for "Robert le Diable" is all ready, and there is talk of confiding the rôle of Alice to Mademoiselle de Reszké, who seems decidedly to be the rising star of the Grand Opéra. At the Théâtre Historique "Les Muscadins," by Jules Claretie, is in active preparation. The scene of this new drama is laid during the period of the French Revolution. The great tragic actress Mademoiselle Roussel is to sustain the leading female rôle, and great things in the way of scenery and costumes are promised.

LUOY H. HOOPER.

#### OUR LONDON LETTER.

THAT most indefatigable of climbers, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the author of "Travels in the Caucasus and Bashan," and the editor of *The Alpine Journal*, has just given us, through Messrs. Longmans, a volume descriptive of his impressions and experiences of some of the least-known parts of beautiful Italy. His work—which contains maps and illustrations—is called "The Italian Alps," and is written in a really very genial style. It is not devoid of amusing anecdotes; it contains, moreover, some capital word-pictures. Yet withal, Mr. Freshfield is a modest writer; he calls his present production a "guide-book." A guide-book, forsooth! Would that Murray were written half so well! Though we have had many volumes of late on Italy, most of it remains a *terra incognita* both to authors and tourists in general. These are the places Mr. Freshfield dwells upon. He dwells upon "the exquisite valleys round the head of Lago Maggiore;" he dwells on the mountains of Val Masino and Val Livigno, which, says he, though "distant, respectively, only a day's journey west and east of the crowded Upper

Engadine," yet "are still left to their bears and Bergamasque shepherds;" he dwells on the Punta Trubinesen, "a noble peak, which, seen from Monte Generoso, heads the army of the Rhaetian Alps," and "has been but once ascended, though it is accessible to anybody who can cross the Diavolezza Pass or climb the Titlis;" he dwells on many another little-trodden spot in Ticino, Lombardy, the Trentino, or Venetia. By-the-way, Mr. Freshfield highly lauds some of the natives—those of the southern dolomites especially, whom he praises for their venturesomeness (have they not, asks he, "alone and uninvited by foreign gold, found their way to the tops of the highest peaks?") and for their intelligence and "quick courtesy." The most entertaining chapter is, perhaps, that on "Men and Mountains." In this, our author pardons the late Canon Kingsley's attack on mountains in "Prose Idyls," on the ground that it was, after all, "only a plea for flats," and warmly eulogizes M. Loppé's paintings of Alpine scenery. That artist, he assures us, "paints with wonderful skill not only the forms of the *séracs*, but the shades and hues given by the imprisoned light and reflections to this frozen mass;" in short, "so faithful," according to Mr. Freshfield—and he ought to be a good judge—"are these pictures that Professor Tyndall would find in them fit illustrations for a popular discourse;" while "so perfect is sometimes the illusion that we should almost fear a modern version of Zeuxis and the birds, and expect to hear the lecturer calling on his assistant to drive stakes into the canvas." I don't know whether any of Loppé's works have found their way to New York, but they are certainly full of realistic power—grand in conception and execution.

The other day there was witnessed in Westminster Abbey a solemn sight. It was one which made the looker-on recall to mind the brave deeds of that bravest of arctic explorers, Sir John Franklin, for it consisted in the unveiling of the memorial erected to that famous knight's memory by his just-deceased widow. The memorial is of the best possible kind—it is a lifelike bust of Sir John himself, and the sculptor, Mr. Matthew Noble, has done his work admirably. I should mention that a handsome Gothic canopy in alabaster surmounts the bust, and that beneath it is a marble ship, while the inscriptions (due to that most liberal-minded divine, Dean Stanley) run thus:

"O ye frost and cold, O ye ice and snow,  
Bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify  
him forever."

Then comes the following verse by Tennyson:

"Not here; the white North has thy bones; and  
thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now,  
Toward no earthly pole."

On either side of the monument are the following inscriptions:

"To the memory of Sir John Franklin, born April 16, 1798, at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, died June 11, 1847, off Point Victory, in the Frozen Ocean, the beloved chief of the crews who perished with him in completing the discovery of the northwest passage. This monument was erected by Jane, his widow, who, after long waiting and sending many in search of him, herself departed to find him in the realms of life, July 18, 1875, aged eighty-three years."

A lady with whose *nom de plume* you are familiar, "Stella," of "Records of the Heart" fame, is obviously a very energetic poetess.

At any rate, she is determined not to hide her light under a bushel, wherefore she is actually advertising over here, on our "hoardings" by means of "broad-sides," her recently-published "tragedy in five acts," "Sappho!" Yet very much afraid am I that she won't make it pay, and this notwithstanding that, as the *Graphic* says with some truth, the play "is full of fire and force, and is thoroughly readable."

Mr. George Rignold is having a successful time of it at the Queen's. Understand, we don't puff and laud him as you do; still, we like him and go to hear and see him. Within the last few days he has assumed for our edification the character of *Amos Clark*. *Amos Clark*, I have no doubt you know, is the hero of the late Watts Phillips's drama of that name; moreover, it is one of Mr. Rignold's original parts, and he portrays it with both vigor and pathos. The young actor's wife, Miss Marie Henderson, is *Mildred Vaughan*.

WILL WILLIAMS.

## Science, Invention, Discovery.

### FLYING MEN AND MACHINES.

It was Goethe who said, "We feel in us the germs of faculties which we must not expect to see developed in this life, and one of these is flying." While the German poet and philosopher, even in his most prophetic mood, dared not hope for an achievement for man that would make him the companion of the bird, others more bold, if not more wise, have long been busy in the attempt to solve the problem of aerial navigation. We all remember the old Greek fable of "Daedalus and his son Icarus," how they made for themselves wings of feathers, fastened with thread and wax, and how the boy, heedless of the father's sage advice, flew too high, and so exposed his wax-fastened wings to the heat of the sun, which softened the wax, and thus precipitated the too bold navigator from the sea of air above into the sea of water beneath. This is but a fable, it is true, and yet the history of many subsequent ventures, though verified by authentic records, seems hardly less fanciful. Hartwig, in his recently-published work,\* notices several of the more important of these attempts at flying. In the year 1678, one Besnier, a locksmith of Sablé, in France, constructed a machine which consisted of four wings or large flaps, which were worked by levers resting upon his shoulders, and moved alternately by hands and feet. By means of this contrivance, the inventor is said to have been able to descend slowly through the air from great heights, but all his efforts at ascent proved fruitless. Leonardo da Vinci is said to have numbered a flying-machine among his many mechanical devices. In 1742, the Marquis de Bacquerville attempted to fly from his residence on the Quai des Théatins, Paris, to a point over the Seine. The voyage was but half accomplished, however, when the wings ceased to act, and the noble marquis came suddenly to earth. In addition to these somewhat doubtful statements of par-

tial success are the many records of absolute failure. In the year 1772 the Abbé Desfarges, canon of St.-Croix, at Etampes, announced that he would make a journey in the air seated in a flying-chariot. The time arrived; the spectators appeared in great numbers; and the clerical inventor took his seat in his chariot, which rested upon the tower of Guitel. This chariot is described as a kind of a boat or gondola, seven feet long and two and one-half broad, attached to which were broad wings, the weight of the whole being forty-eight pounds; this, added to that of the canon's body, gave a total weight of two hundred and thirteen pounds. When all was in readiness the signal was given; the wings, obedient to the efforts of the man beneath, began to flap; but, alas! the chariot did not move, and has not moved to this day. Another record of failure is that of the flying-man, invented by Jacob Degen, a watchmaker of Vienna, and here illustrated. This consisted of two oval-shaped concave wings, made of

A careful study of the anatomy of birds and their muscular structure has caused the modern physicist to assert that, if a man would carry his heavy body through the air unaided by any buoyant medium, he will have to do it by means of wings having a surface of at least twelve thousand feet, which wings must needs beat the air several times a second. These are demonstrable facts, and yet the work of invention, experiment, and failure goes on.

Of a somewhat different order from the simple flying-man are several of the more recently-proposed methods of aerial navigation, which are designed to use gas and steam as allies. We recently announced that certain English engineers, of recognized position and professional ability, were engaged in the construction of an air-ship of novel form, which promised to prove a success. No one, however, save those in the confidence of the parties, is yet instructed as to its special merits.



canvas stretched over a light wooden framework, and attached by means of a yoke round the neck. These canvas wings were set in motion by the aid of ingeniously-contrived hand-and-foot levers. So confident was Degen that he had discovered the secret at last, that, in the presence of a multitude, he made his first attempt by endeavoring to rise from the level ground. Failing in this, he ascended in a balloon, and, suspended from it by a rope, attempted to fly, but his best efforts were fruitless, and his name soon was added to the long list of "flying-men who failed to fly." In spite of these numerous failures, there are yet many hopeful souls, and we doubt not but that the patent records for each succeeding year contain the name and claim of some sanguine inventor and his machine. While we may find in our hearts some sympathy for the unfortunate Icarus, there seems to be little wisdom or justice in granting it to those of his imitators who sin, having greater light.

It is by no means a favorable sign in connection with these efforts that in every instance the inventors are prone to surround their work with a halo or cloud of mystery, through which the inquisitive world is instructed not to penetrate or peer. While the Englishmen are at work, we, too, in America are not idle, as appears by the many though unsatisfactory accounts of the forthcoming Baltimore air-ship. Of the form and structure of this American invention little is as yet known. The inventor is said to be confident, and, what is still better, to be supported by a rich patron. The *Scientific American*, which should know all about it; being the leading American mechanical journal, confesses to knowing very little. This little, however, reads as follows:

"So far as we can make out the construction of the invention, it includes a boat, made of oiled canvas and wire, sixty-five feet long. This has two masts of steel, each twenty-

\* The Aërial World. A Popular Account of the Phenomena and Life of the Atmosphere. By G. Hartwig, M. and P. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

eight feet high, between which is extended an egg-shaped balloon, the points of the latter being held in a wire net-work. Around the middle of the balloon are girdles and nettings, the latter of which come down and support the car, which, we suppose, is the boat. At each end of the boat is a propeller, also of wire and canvas. One screw pulls and the other pushes. These are independent, and drive the boat in either direction.

"Besides, there are two large rudders, one at each end, and also independent. On each side of the boat is fastened by hinges a wing thirty-five feet long by fifteen feet wide in front, ten feet wide behind, and concave beneath. These wings are driven at the rate of one hundred and seventy flaps per minute, and the propellers at twelve hundred revolutions, by an eight-horse hydraulic engine located in the car.

"The whole machine is to weigh eighteen hundred pounds and the balloon to hold eighty thousand cubic feet of gas; twelve thousand pounds of load are to be transported at the rate of seventy miles an hour in still air, and the ocean is to be crossed in fifty hours."

It would be vain and faithless in this age of invention to say men never will navigate the air, and yet we venture the prediction that that result will not be accomplished by means of any known force as now applied for the generation of motive power.

A FAVORITE theme with the editors of so-called health journals and household medical guides is that of "overwork," and so much has been written on this subject, and of such a nature, that, were we to believe and act upon the advice thus given, the world would become almost a hive of drones. We confidently believe that so far as honest brain-work goes the more we do of it the better, and, if owing to a reckless disregard of recognized hygienic and sanitary laws an occasional "student" finds an early grave, let the blame be put where it belongs, and not credited to the worthy zeal that some call "overwork." Having long held to this opinion, and believing that facts would sustain us, we are gratified to find that an eminent English physician has given expression to a like view, and, coming as it does from one high in authority, we trust it will receive the attention from both students and drones that it deserves. We condense from Dr. Wilk's communication as it appears in the *Lancet* as follows. After answering the simple question "Are people suffering from overwork?" with a decided "No!" the writer says: "Medically speaking, I see half a dozen persons suffering from want of occupation to one who is crippled by his labors. Very often, when a business man complains of being overdone, it may be found that his meals are irregular and hurried, that he takes no exercise, is rather partial to brandy-and-soda, and thinks it is not improper to poison himself with nicotine every night and morning." Passing from man to woman, the case is made to appear even more severe. It is not overwork, therefore, that is to be deprecated, provided the work is legitimate, and such as to claim a normal exercise of the functions. The brain is an engine of many horse-power; its energy must be accounted for in some way; if not used for good purposes it will be for bad, and "mischief will be found for idle hands to do." So the work is actually a safeguard. The human body is made for work, and just as the muscles are better prepared for work by previous training, so the nervous system,

whether it be the brain or spinal column, becomes more energized by use. It is only during sleep that the brain is actually inactive, and hence, if we will not give it work to do, it will find that to engage its energy, even though in the end the labor be profitless. After referring in a plain though hardly gentle manner to the men and women whom the frivolities of life keep "idly busy," the writer contrasts them with those whose minds are never at rest, and yet who live to a good old age. As the closing passages are not only truthful as to facts, but of value by the suggestions they contain, we are prompted to quote them at length, and should there be among our readers some of these overworked brain-workers, they will find in these words sage counsel and encouragement. The writer refers to the honest, cheerful, but constant workers as follows: "Practically they have no rest, for, when one object of study is complete, they commence to pursue another. It is by the happy faculty of diverting the powers into different channels that this is accomplished. Instances might easily be quoted of statesmen, judges, and members of our own profession, who know no absolute rest, and who would smile at the suspicion of hard work injuring any man. I make it a custom to ask young men what their second occupation is—what pursuit have they besides their bread-earning employment. Those are happiest who possess some object of interest, but I am sorry to say there are few who find delight in any branch of science. The purely scientific man finds his best recreation in literature or art, but even in intellectual work so many different faculties are employed that a pleasant diversion is found in simply changing the kind of labor. For example, a judge after sitting all day, and giving his closest attention to the details of the cases before him, may yet find relief in his evenings by solving problems in mathematics. The subject of overwork, then, is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it on the community at large are vastly over-estimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves who apply to the doctor are, not the prime-minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stock-brokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to the grave, young ladies whose visits to the village school or Sunday performance on the organ are undermining their health, and so on. In short, and this is the object of the remarks with which I have troubled your readers, that in my experience I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork, and, taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork."

Our readers who have watched with interest the progress of the English Arctic Expedition, and who are now waiting eagerly for the first official report from the Alert and Discovery, will learn with an almost personal sorrow that one of those whose best blessings went with the brave explorers no longer listens for tidings from their ships. Lady Franklin is dead; and though, at the good old age of eighty-three, her time had come to die, yet it was an almost universal hope that she might have remained at least long enough to hear the final tidings they promised to bring her from her

husband's grave. As the memory of his bold achievements and brave service in the cause of knowledge has made the name of Sir John Franklin one which the whole world has come to honor, so will the memory of Lady Franklin's devoted love and untiring zeal ever command the affectionate reverence of us all. We learn from *Nature* that Jane Griffin, for such was her maiden name, was married to the great and unfortunate arctic explorer on November 5, 1828, and accompanied him almost constantly in the fulfillment of his duties until his departure on his last arctic voyage of discovery in 1845. She has naturally ever since taken the deepest interest in arctic exploration, and has herself directly done much to forward it by fitting out expeditions either entirely or partly at her own expense. It was she who sent out the Fox, which in 1857-'59, under Sir Leopold McClintock, did important service in arctic exploration and in the discovery of the records and relics of the unfortunate Franklin expedition. That her interest in arctic enterprise was strong to the very last is shown by the fact that she helped to equip the Pandora which so recently left our shores to attempt the northwest passage under Captain Allen Young. For her services in this direction she received, on the return of the Fox, the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society; she was the first woman on whom it was conferred, the only other one who obtained such a distinction being the late Mrs. Somerville. Until within the last few years, when incapacitated by old age and illness, Lady Franklin was herself an almost constant traveler; she had made a voyage round the world, and visited many of the principal places in Europe, North and South America, Asia, and Australasia. She was, as might be surmised, a woman of superior intelligence, clear-sightedness, and great determination; her name will, no doubt, live alongside that of her renowned husband.

THE occasional reports from the exploring ship Challenger are mainly of interest in confirming facts already announced. The results of soundings made between the Admiralty Islands and Japan are reported briefly as follows: The deepest trustworthy sounding was four thousand five hundred and seventy-five fathoms (over five miles). The tube of the sounding-machine contained an excellent sample of the bottom, which was found to consist almost entirely of the siliceous shells of *Radiolaria*. As illustrating the difficulty of obtaining true results as to temperature at these great depths, it is said that three out of four Miller-Casella thermometers sent down to these depths were crushed to pieces by the enormous pressure—between five and six tons to the square inch. The fourth registered, at fifteen hundred fathoms and below, the usual temperature of 84.5° Fahr. From this it appears that there is a layer of water of uniform temperature occupying the ocean's bed having a depth of eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty feet. This temperature seems to be uniform, whatever may be that of the surface-currents. This fact, with that of pressure, indicates that the sea is in by far its greater portion tenantless, because not fitted for the encouragement of maintenance of the higher forms of marine life.

It is announced that both a zoological and botanical collector will form a part of the retinue of the Prince of Wales in his approaching visit to India. Should this prove true, the popular interest in this proposed visit will be greatly enhanced; and, acting as they will be



under the direct patronage of the prince, these collectors will be afforded opportunities which, if improved, will result in a decided gain to the sciences which they represent.

## Miscellany:

### NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

**A**FTER an interval of several months, Mr. Julian Hawthorne resumes, in the August *Contemporary Review*, his series of "Saxon Studies," his subject in this paper being the Saxon soldier, which he considers the finest in the world:

The world is ancient; there have been many ages and races of men; but, of all, the Saxon soldier is the flower. It were rash to affirm that the future may not produce a warrior better yet than he; the automatic theory holds out high hopes of possible progress in this direction. When we shall have disembarrassed ourselves of the notion that we live as we please, a rigid system of discipline will become our dearest comfort; for it will tend most strongly to put us out of the way of fancying our actions self-willed. The new gospel shall be the manual of drill and tactics. What a humiliation to man's conceit—the thought that soldiers are nearer the eternal verities than any other bodies! Let the fools of sentiment hasten to range themselves on the winning side. But, whatever our haste, the Saxons are still ahead of us. Though they may not, as yet, have put in words the awful truth of automatism, they have nevertheless done more to verify it in nature and conduct than have the philosophers who set the theory going.

It must not be forgotten, however, that their preëminence is owing quite as much to the life they live in as to their intrinsic quality. In short, we are called on to admire an exquisite harmony of times and traits. These sons of the drill-book would scarcely have suited the days when personal prowess was an essential soldierly requirement. Their best recommendation to the modern and still more to the future recruiting-sergeant must be their unlikeness to the old Greek and Roman giants of sword and spear. Not hot blood and youthful fervor are wanted; rather a thin, colorless, meek, mechanical habit. What has been called soul and individuality is to be got rid of: an unbounded stomach for discipline is the desideratum.

Meanwhile I take pleasure in repeating that Saxon soldiers are the best in the world. They can swallow most discipline. They submit to so much stuffing with rules and regulations, great and small, that little of the original creature is left save organic life and uniform. They are a docile sort of Frankenstein's. This is well, so long as they remain in the service; but picture the sad plight of a being thus drained of his proper entrails, and inspired solely by the breath of Mars, when Mars no longer needs him! Mars recreates men showily enough; but he lacks the constancy of an original maker, and by-and-by leaves his recreatures dismally in the lurch. Even the uniform is bereft them. Let who becomes a soldier reflect that he enlists for life; and, whether he be killed in his first battle, or honorably discharged after half a dozen campaigns, his life still ceases with his soldier-ship.

It would be edifying to contrast Saxon soldiers with other nations, point by point, and so arrive at a practical comprehension of their superiority. Much is signified in the fact that their captains address them as "children," while we Americans and our English friends try to inspire our warriors by appeals to their "manhood." Men, forsooth! Such is the fruit of illogical sentiment. But persist in calling a person child, and treating him so, and presently he will share our view of the matter, and thus become fit for the camp. But my business is not so much with comparisons as with the incomparable Saxon soldier himself.

Even his uniform is admirable, and, after the shabby productions worn by our Seventh Regiments, and still more by English Guards and Grenadiers, truly refreshing. It is mainly dark, the darkness enhanced by narrow lines of red adown the leg and round the throat and wrist. His head-gear, though called helmet for lack of a better name, is not imposing, but eminently practical; while as to his cap, it is positively made and worn to cover the head, and scarcely inclines more to one ear than to the other. What a pregnant subject for analysis, by-the-way, is that matter of wearing the hat aslant instead of upright! Some seer, one of these days, will draw a deep moral from it. The head itself is not propped fiercely up in unrelenting collar, but sits as easily as the heads of ordinary men. We look in vain for the stiff-kneedness, out-chestedness, square-elbowedness, high-mightiness, which we are accustomed to associate with the thought of things military. This model child of battle seems so comfortable in his uniform, he might have been born in it. He can stoop, kneel down, run, or vault a fence, without bursting a button. His belt is leathern—no pipe-clay on his conscience. He can be very dirty without much showing it. Padding and lacing are unknown—at least to the private. His short sword seems as natural an appendage as a monkey's tail; he would look maimed without it. He walks the streets—with measured tread, indeed, for he is drilled to the marrow, but—with an infantile self-unconsciousness subversive of all precedent. He looks of a race distinct from the civilian, it is true, but quite at home in his distinction.

Soberness of uniform is so far from being a trifling matter (things being as they are) that, should the English be beaten in the next war, they may safely lay the blame on their own red coats. In the time of Marlborough or of Wellington these may have had their use; but nowadays scarlet, added to the vicious my-soul's-my-own doctrine which even yet obtains but too widely, gives the private soldier too much of an opinion of himself. He esteems himself too grand a being to be cuffed by corporals, and unceremoniously bidden to right about face and present arms. Moreover, his ruddy splendors attract the feminine eye and heart, and women are not wholesome for modern warriors. Such individual inspiration as they may once have given is not needed in battles fought out of sight of the enemy. That army will be found most efficient whose uniform is least seductive to the female mind. I am far from asserting that the Saxon uniform is perfect in this respect. No; it has a dapper appearance, a snug neatness, a sparkle of helmet-spike and sword-hilt greatly to be deplored. Still there is none homelier, so far as I am aware; and we may cheerfully trust to the natural instincts of the Saxon mind to make it uglier yet.

To be rid of women, however, we must take thought not of the uniform only; there

is the traditional heroism of the soldier to be done away with. Women persist in loving those who make a business of getting killed, more fondly than those who get killed in the way of business. Such preference is not only irrational—it was always that—it is now foundationless. When will our wives and daughters learn to believe that he who, with unfaltering resolution, takes the train to the city every morning, or calmly spends the day in his confined study, and trembles not at the dinner-bell, is more valiant than the man who leads a healthy life in camps, and goes to battle with a telescopic rifle once in twenty years! But no, to her mind the soldier is engaged in daily hand-to-hand encounters; his life is ever next door to a violent end; there is something heroic and perilous to himself in his own sword and gun. I am compelled to admit that even Saxon soldiers have their sweethearts, who lavish upon the lucky dogs such looks as the poor *Kellner* or shop-tender can never hope to obtain; and the necessity of being in barracks by a certain hour adds a romance to the daily parting which makes it worth a dozen optional ones.

The drill looks absurd enough, but it is tremendous, and it works wonders. Not a drop of the man's blood, not an ounce of his flesh, not a breath of his body, but feels the impress of the manual. What a stretch of the leg was that! and now what sharp angles, short corners, starts, jerks, dead pauses, sudden veerings, dashes, halts, thumpings, clankings! The man is beside himself, and that grotesque caper is some puppet whose strings the sergeant is pulling. This periodic fit or seizure—they may call it drill, but in fact it is possession of seven devils, recurring at a certain hour every morning, lasting a fixed while, and then the devils depart, and presently the victim appears, rehabilitated: but we know his secret now, and all his quietness fails to impose on us; we discern his mad-pranks ill concealed beneath the most innocent actions. The mark is on him; the Seven will rend him again to-morrow. Skeletons are seldom attractive spectacles; but this skeleton of drill, once seen, is not lightly forgotten. The discovery of so grisly a substructure to the pomp and circumstance of war is impressive in its way. It is kept discreetly secluded within the barrack-walls, only venturing thence in the guise of commonplace marching and rifle-exercise. To the barracks, too, are confined the more flagrant tyrannies of the drill-master, whose cuffs, shoves, and beratings, make the onlooker's blood to boil, and him to marvel at the silent, unretaliating meekness of the berated one. It is odd to see that one of mankind whose avowed business in life is retaliation thus outdoing the forbearance of the mildest country clergyman. But a soldier's spirit is bound strictly to the rules of the manual; when not required in the way of business, it must remain prostrate in the mire. Soldiers are generally credited with elasticity of spirits, and from this point of view it is no wonder. But in many cases, I fancy, the spirits are broken betimes, and what afterward passes as such is merely a kind of galvanization produced by fear. Doubtless galvanism is better than courage, being mechanical, and a safer factor in calculations.

THE Rev. Julian Charles Young relates the following amusing incident of his parish-life:

On the first Sunday of my preaching at Ilmington, the villagers—Churchmen, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists—crowded into church, curious to see and hear what manner of man their new minister might be. As I was in the very pith and marrow of my inaugural address, I happened to enunciate some sentiment or other which was evidently acceptable to a very little, deformed old man, sitting immediately beneath the pulpit. From the moment of my entering the reading-desk, I could not help observing the responsive play of his quaint features, and the telltale way in which his emotions were reflected in his small, squeezed-up, ferret eyes. After a while I was perfectly electrified, and the congregation startled from its propriety, by seeing him raise his hands aloft and clap them violently together and shout forth, with the energy of a Stentor, the words "Glory! glory! glory!"

The effect on a congregation of rustics may be conceived. A universal titter ran through the church, as much excited, I suspect, by witnessing my undignified but irrepressible jump of nervous surprise, as by the unusual and indecent demonstration itself. As soon as I had recovered my equanimity, fearing that, if I uttered a rebuke, I might receive a retort and bring on a brawl, I "looked daggers" at the culprit, but spake none, and warded off, during the remainder of my discourse, a repetition of so flagrant an indecorum by a tamer delivery. On expositulating with the man after service on the impropriety of which he had been guilty, he defended his "applause" by referring me to the first verse of the forty-seventh Psalm, which tells "all men to clap their hands," and justified his "shouting" by assuring me, with perfect civility, and, I now believe, with perfect sincerity, that "his spirit" was stirred within him," and that he would not "quench the Spirit" for any earthly consideration. The next day I made further inquiry as to his character, and I learned that he was by nature a silent, reserved, inoffensive creature, patient under trial, contented with his lot, working at half-wages on the farm of one of my tenants, almost beyond his strength (his age and the curvature of his spine considered), but that he was a Primitive Methodist. However, I heard so much that was to his credit, that I could not help feeling well disposed to him. I sought him out, and reasoned with him mildly on the impropriety of continuing to indulge in such outbursts of fanatical enthusiasm. Failing, however, to make any impression on him, I told him plainly that, glad as I should have been to have numbered him among the members of my flock, I could not permit his eccentricities in the house of God; and that if he were obstinately resolved to indulge in such manifestations, I must beg him to confine his attendance to the meeting-house. With this alternative he was more than satisfied, for, said he, "I am a Primitive, and I thank God that I am one. A Primitive I shall live, a Primitive I shall die. Glory! glory! glory!"

As I had not prohibited him from attending my weekly readings in the schoolroom, he used to attend them very regularly, and whenever any passage of my author met his approval, he would deliver his testimony with unabated exuberance of feeling. For the first time or two that he did so, his action and vociferation were so stunning that I sprang off my reading-stool as if under the shock of an electric battery, to the immeasurable amusement of my good people. At last I said to them: "My friends, as this is not a consecrated building, and as we meet here rather for purposes of recreation than edification, and as

this good fellow is the last man to wish to offend us, I propose that we permit him to enjoy his little peculiarity. Let him have his shout." They received my suggestion with great amiability, and soon became so inured to his interruptions that they ceased to notice them. The fact was, his first religious convictions had been derived from the Primitive Methodists, and he felt attached to them in consequence. And though he had imbibed from their teaching tenets which were absurd, yet his walk and conversation were so consistent and exemplary that he inspired his neighbors with respect for him; and it speaks well both for him and them, that, though ungainly in aspect, unattractive in manner, bent into the shape of the letter C, and standing little more than four feet from his mother earth, and therefore fair game for mischievous boys, he yet could pass through the village at all hours without molestation.

I remember once calling with my elder daughter on the family in whose humble cot he lodged. It was nearly one o'clock. I did not know, when I entered, that it was so near the dinner-hour, or I should not have intruded on them; but, on their assuring me that they never sat down to meals till their lodger had joined them, I was prevailed upon to stay. Soon he passed the little latticed window. As I wished my girl to make his acquaintance, I lingered on, hoping every minute he would enter. Finding he did not, I expressed to the woman of the house my fear that our presence was the cause of his protracted absence. "Oh dear, no, sir!" she replied; "he is only gone to our wood-house. He always goes there before meals and after (before returning to work), to pray, because it is private, and he gets no interruption there." Just as we were going, in he came, and I introduced him to my daughter. She said something to him which pleased him, on which he favored her with one of his customary Halleluiahs! It was great fun to me, who had been quizzed for being so easily startled, to see the instantaneous flush which dyed my girl's cheek, and told of the quickened pulsation of her heart.

My gardener, a man of high character, had permission to shoot rabbits in the early mornings before coming to work. He assured me that often as early as four o'clock, when stealthily walking under hedges in remote places, he had come upon Johnny Parker (for that was his name) on his knees in prayer; and that he was so impressed by so unusual a sight, that he always walked away at once, lest he should disturb him.

A year or two after the events I have alluded to, I was one evening returning from a long ride, on a very nervous and high-couraged horse, when I overtook my friend returning homeward from his work. I drew up by his side and entered into conversation with him. After discussing the weather, the crops, and the quality of the turnips which he had been hoeing, I said to him:

"Johnny, I really believe you to be a God-fearing man, who are living for something beyond the present; but I wish you would give up that very singular habit of yours—of clapping and bawling in the house of prayer."

"Why should I, sir?"

"Because, my good fellow, it is irrational, indefensible, and unscriptural."

"How do you make that out, sir?"

"Why, thus: Do not you believe God to be everywhere present?"

"I do."

"Do not you believe him to be about your path and about your bed?"

"I do."

"Do not you believe him to have a hearing ear?"

"I do."

"Then why do you bellow out to him 'as if his ear were heavy that it could not hear?' Recollect what St. Paul's advice to the Ephesians was: 'Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.'"

"I tell you what, sir," was his answer, "there's noise enough in heaven among the angels—you may depend on't—when they see one sinner that has repented."

Whereupon, standing close under my horse's nose, and looking up at me, he fell to clapping and shouting so violently that the animal reared upright, and in doing so hit him in the back with his knee, with sufficient force to send him spinning into a neighboring ditch full of nettles and mud, in which he lay floundering for some seconds on his stomach, kicking his legs about and trying to clap his hands, and screaming out in a tone of exultation, and with the air of a martyr glorying in his humiliation, "Glory! glory! glory! glory forever! I say forever!—forever! Amen."

"GERMAN HOME-LIFE," by the Countess von Bothmer, is continued in *Fraser*, the last paper being devoted to dress and amusements. The writer's strictures on the German toilet are sharp and amusing, but whether just or not we do not say:

We like to believe of beauty that it would be as beautiful in the desert, for the sun and the sand and the sky, as it is in the ballroom, where by one consent it is crowned "belle." A German lady understands nothing of such wild theories; she does not even appreciate the "sweet civility" that lies in the fact of a woman coming to her husband's or father's breakfast-table trim, fresh, and fragrant; on the contrary, she issues from her bedroom in a loose wrapper, carpet or felt slippers, and with what, in your haste, you will call a night-cap. Courtesy demands that it shall be spoken of as a *Morgenhaube*, and, in the sense that the nightcap proper has been taken off and replaced by a tumbled edition, we may accede to the term; otherwise it has no pretension to be dignified by any finer name than you have given it. With hair undressed, and stuffed away in plaits or curls under the muslin top-knot, in the most uncompromising of *dishabilles*, the lady presides over the scene of sloppily slovenliness to which allusion has been made in a former chapter. If you have seen her *en toilette* the night before, meeting her now you will scarcely recognize the fairy vision of your dreams. The elaborate *frisure*, where great masses of hair lay piled, Juno-like, above the brow, or rippled in sunny curls lovingly over the uncovered shoulders; the sweeping silks, the charming coquettish, have all disappeared, *vice* a singularly unattractive and ungraceful style of apparel promoted. At first you will imagine you have stumbled upon the house-keeper, who, suffering from *dolorous tic*, has arisen to a hasty performance of her morning duties and donned this surreptitious costume; but (fortunately for German women) hospitality as we understand it—the hospitality of spare-rooms, that is—is a thing unknown, and the occasions when a stranger can gaze upon the *Hausfrau dignifiée en papillotes* are necessarily very restricted. There is only the husband, and the husband knows no better; he would be star-

bled out of his ordinary phlegma should his wife appear "finished" at that early hour of the day, and would think that sudden frenzy had seized her for its own.

German dress has no originality and no chic. It is snatched wildly, right and left, from French fashion-books and English advertisements, and the result of this hybrid combination is, if judged by the canons of taste, little short of atrocious. Of an independent yet modest simplicity of dress; of the æsthetic treatment of such "hulls" as poor humanity is condemned to wear; of the harmony of well-chosen, low-toned tints; of unity of effect in the corresponding shades of gloves, parasol, and bonnet, or the judicious juxtaposition of dark and light; of a dash of color on a sober background—the ordinary German woman knows nothing. She has not the courage to be plain if the *Mode-Journal* says she is to be elaborate. Her clothes sin not even so much by ugliness as by inappropriateness.

The pathetic results of want of taste and judgment in this matter of dress are more particularly apparent in the case of elderly German women. The hair once thick is now thin, the neck once round and white now coarse and red, the delicacy of feature and complexion a thing of the past; all is hard, used, prosaic. The Frenchwoman puffs her delicate gray hair into feathery curls, hides the hollows and repairs the ravages of time with cascades of lace; graceful draperies soft as cobwebs set her face in a filmy framework, infinitely charming; soft, tender shades of color approach the faded cheek without outraging it; and English elderly ladies follow, with more or less success, in the same judicious train; but the German woman shows her bald patches, her unattractive throat, her awkward figure, without disguise and without remorse. No cap covers the wisp of hair that, out of an abundant *chevelure*, is all that remains to her; there is neither grace nor dignity in her gown; coarse collars and crotchet frills tumble helplessly on her elderly shoulders. "What does it matter?" is plainly written in the general neglect of her appearance, which strikes one painfully, less as an absence of vanity than as a want of self-respect. Younger folk can perhaps afford to be careless, but an elderly woman should be scrupulous; she may even be a little elaborate as to her "setting," and no one will rise up and reproach her. It is sweet and pleasant to see that she is careful for others long after all personal vanity is extinct; that she arranges her *draps de vieille femme* gracefully and still adorns the world, with which she has almost done, by a gracious presence.

Perhaps in no country is dress so much talked of as in Germany with so little result. Tartans of the most eccentric colors and arrangement are always *en vogue*. Let the fashion-books say they are modish, and they become the rage. They bear no resemblance to the clan-tartans with which we are all more or less familiar: they are lurid combinations of clashing colors evolved out of the enterprising manufacturer's speculative brain, hideous and alarming to the unaccustomed eye. Let a woman be short, broad, and sandy, she will clothe herself triumphantly in a scarlet and yellow tartan, and yet expect to be thought in her right mind. Let her be tall and sallow, a disastrous green will check her angular person in dismal repetition from top to toe.

There are certain aspects of toilet in which the Englishwoman is allowed all over the Continent to be unapproachable. French-

women claim the precedence in their *toilettes de luze, toilettes de ville, toilettes de bal*; but they concede us the palm in the matter of traveling-costume, in our hats and habits, in our umbrellas, walking-boots, and water-proofs. English traveling-costumes, quiet in color, tasteful, simple, elegant, and modest; the snowy linen collars and cuffs, with their simple solid sleeve-links and throat-brooch, that set off the brunette's dark skin and make the blonde more dazzling; the tidy felt or straw hat, which no weather can spoil or put out of shape; the neat umbrella, trimly furled; the light water-proof; the sensible boots—are all beginning to be imitated on the Continent. But as yet German ladies have not exactly appreciated the gist of the matter. To them such a dress is more or less of a masquerade, worn less for practical purposes than because it is "the fashion to wear it." They have never in their lives been accustomed to the rough out-door exercise to which the most gently bred among us are used from childhood; to them the "constitutional" is only known through English novels; they do not set off for a long stretch across the moor, or to walk to the neighboring town "for the sake of the exercise." Such muscular femininity is foreign to their lives; and the dress that makes this sort of out-door activity independent of elemental combinations must necessarily be an unwonted garb to them. They will, perhaps, have adopted the tweed or homespun costume, but the material will be half cotton, and will shrink out of recognition in the first shower of rain; the hat will be there, but, instead of leaving it unadorned and gracing its native felt at most with a flat, unspoilable ribbon and wing, it will be covered with a forest of feeble feathers that the wind and the mist will cause to droop dejectedly, like weeping-willows, around the face of the disconsolate wearer. A sense of the fitness of things will tell a woman "to the manner born" that balmoral boots and a homespun gown demand stout linen collars and cuffs; but, ruffles being "the fashion," the fair German plagiarist will carry tulle round her neck on a mountain-tour, and, quite unconscious of incongruity, wear a huge Elizabethan frill with a coarse woolen costume. The same malignant showers that have played havoc with her hat and gown will have sent all the starch out of her frills and furbelows, and made them fertile sources of dissatisfaction; the thin-stuff boots with sham holes, simulating good honest balmorals, are as useless as though she were shod with brown paper. Mountains cannot be climbed nor tempests defied in such a costume. The whole thing will have turned out a delusion and a snare, and the temper of the disappointed traveler will suffer certainly partial, probably total, eclipse.

By the subjoined, from "Travels in Portugal" by John Latouche, it will be seen that the amplifying style of the modern newspaper-reporter is not wholly an American invention:

An Englishman or an American who should expect to get much knowledge of Portuguese ways from native newspapers would be disappointed. The newspaper fills but a small part of the life either of Spaniards or Portuguese. Religious, literary, scientific, legal, and social life in Portugal are hardly reflected at all in the journals; and, if it were not for the political news they contain, newspapers would probably not find readers at all. Portuguese

ladies rarely take up a newspaper, and men only look to them for their politics. The speeches of the Portuguese Parliament are scantily reproduced; the most important arguments in their own law-courts are seldom reported at all, and deliberate discussion on questions of home politics is hardly ever introduced into the columns of newspapers.

Their own domestic concerns, indeed, hardly seem to trouble the newspaper-writers, and they visibly shrink from all strong expression of opinion on vital questions. I happened to be in Portugal when the so-called Iberian question—the question of a union with Spain—was stirring the minds of all classes. Mass meetings were being held, and indignant protests were being made against the proposition, yet the newspapers, with hardly an exception, gave no echo of the strong feeling that animated public opinion. Reports of interviews between the Russian and German emperors, vague speculations on the policy of the great powers, reported conversations of Prince Bismarck or M. Thiers—all the unsubstantial rumors that fill the columns of European journals, all the *canards* started on the boulevards of Paris or in the clubs of London—these are what the politicians of Portugal care to read about far more than to know and watch the doings of their own statesmen.

The incidents which our newspapers bring together under the heading "Accidents and Offenses" are the staple of home-news. The French mode of recounting the event is adopted: it is told as a story or anecdote, with as much literary artifice as the journalist can employ; and often the story is well told, and with a little dash of fun. The following description of the accumulated misfortunes of a pleasure-party is in a vein of grave humor which it seems the Portuguese much appreciate:

"On Sunday a serious accident happened. Five individuals were on their way in a hired carriage to —, taking with them four dozen rockets. One of the party amused himself by firing a rocket on the way, and in doing so unfortunately ignited the whole bundle, which began to explode in all directions, some darting out of the windows, some out of the door, and others doing no inconsiderable hurt to the persons inside. The horses took fright at the repeated explosions, and bolted through the village of —, the unfortunate passengers adding to the terror and speed of the animals by putting their heads out of the carriage-windows and screaming loudly for help. Finally the coachman lost all command of the reins, and the horses bolted from the road and plunged into the river, where the depth of water and mud finally arrested the further progress of the vehicle. The discharge of rockets and the cries of the half-drowning passengers still continuing, a large crowd collected on the banks, and after exertions, which lasted for several hours, the passengers (who are all seriously burnt) were drawn with ropes out of the carriage through the water and on to the shore, whence they were immediately lodged in prison, charged with breaking the public peace."

Here is a police-case reported with the same somewhat grim humor:

"An individual calling himself Jeremy da Silva, twenty-five years of age, was charged with purchasing a water-melon without manifesting any disposition to pay for the same. The weather is at present very hot, and the water-melon is a singularly agreeable remedy for the thirst occasioned thereby; but is this a reason why Jeremy da Silva should be oblivious of one of the first principles of political



economy? To buy without giving an equivalent in specie is, if we may tell him so, only another name for stealing. This also was the opinion of the worthy magistrate. Mr. da Silva is now in prison."

This solemn banter soon gets very fatiguing to a foreigner, but it seems to have a great charm for native readers, if one may judge from its frequent occurrence.

The weather, in the dearth of more stirring topics, is a fertile theme. There happened to be a day or two of rather stormy weather, and this is how *copy* was made out of the fact:

"THE WEATHER.—For the last two days we have undergone the unchained fury of the most rigorous winter. Wind, rain, lightning, and hail, have combined to make the most astounding atmospheric disturbance . . .," and so on for half a column, ringing the changes upon the very tallest adjectives, and only telling the reader what he knew very well by the report of his own senses.

Perhaps the most singular of the contents of the Portuguese newspapers are the obituary notices. Written in a style so exquisitely pompous and stilted as to make the foreign reader incline at first to think them ironical, these long eulogies on the dead are paid for as advertisements, and are generally signed with the name of one of the relatives of the deceased person. A few extracts will suffice to show how false emotion and a false style can desecrate feelings which it is only commonly decent to hold back from observation:

"It is now seventy-two hours since the pious Mr. A. B— ceased to exist!

"It is now seventy-two hours since the most severe affliction has stricken the hearts of his bereaved relations in their most tender fibres!

"It is now seventy-two hours since he died in the summer of his life, as also in the height and summer of his virtues!

"It is now seventy-two hours since this great man, great in his intelligence and in his practice of all the Christian virtues . . .," and so on through a long list of paragraphs, beginning with the same minute chronological calculation, and all full of the same rhetorical foolishness.

Another similar and very curious development of Portuguese journalism is the insertion of paid eulogies of literary productions. I use the expression "curious" only because the payment is avowed and open, being honestly signed with the name of the friendly critic, and placed in a column set apart for advertisements. It is impossible altogether to disapprove of this practice. It is odd that it has not yet occurred to Portuguese critics to enhance the value of their approval by occasional dispraise. I have never seen an unfriendly literary critique in a Portuguese journal.

A WRITER in an English journal, upon "Impertinence," discourses of its feminine manifestations as follows:

When women wish to insult, but cannot do so by open force, they take their stand behind a barrier of quiet impertinence, which makes gesture, look, and accent, do the work for them. And how can the man resent? The old simile of fighting with clouds holds preeminently good here, and the lord is fain to accept the portion dealt out to him by the lady, and to hide his displeasure at its bitterness. This art of covert impertinence is one in which all women of the world are adepts. It is, in fact, part of the education taught by that world

which holds clever concealment of the real feelings one of the honors of its training. And, to do the women justice, they are neither slow in learning nor backward in applying this first lesson of their calling—how to wound with a hidden weapon and insult by an intangible and impalpable method. It is a coarse and clumsy kind of thing when you show your meaning so openly that it can be taken up and turned against you in accusation of your insolence. The value of every art is its perfectness in detail, its possibilities of suggestiveness, and the art of covert impertinence follows the same rule. Any one can say bluntly, "I do not believe you." That is a downright blow with a bludgeon, requiring nothing but the brutal quality of strength and a direct aim. But it takes a long training to be able to accept a statement with a smile and a gracious inclination of the head, while conveying at the same moment by the curl of the lip or the expression of the eyes the most convincing assurance of doubt and disbelief. There is no art required in using large words and flinging about broad accusations. We can all read our dictionaries, and we all know a few peppery nouns and adjectives. But to be able to insinuate pepper and acid in substance under the guise of sugar, is not given to every one, and only those who have toiled and labored for this power of moral transmutation know how difficult it is to attain. Even sympathy can be made to do the work of impertinence, and, "My dear Miss Amanda, I fear you are ill to-day, you are so black under your eyes, and so pale!" though said in the most gracious and sympathetic voice at command, is a shaft that strikes poor Amanda to the heart, as it was intended to do, with her doubtful prize not yet fully on her hook. Indeed, there is not a sentiment, not an action, which may not be made the medium for impertinence, if it is so willed, and the best impulses of humanity may be turned into weapons of offense, like food transformed into poison—bread steeped in ratsbane, and milk full of the germs of typhoid fever. The clever in such matters are not afraid of a little extra cruelty; and, if the mother's milk would seethe the kid a turn better than any other unrelated Nanny's, why, they would take it by the painful, and think themselves justified when they sat at table.

THE *British Quarterly Review* draws the following suggestive comparison between Poe and Hawthorne:

And we may note here that Poe radically differs from Hawthorne. Hawthorne, along with his wistful, dreamy far-sightedness, had

the sagacious patience with fact, the discerning shrewdness and quiet observation that enabled him constantly to seek and to enjoy the verification and correction of his own impressions from new stand-points, and to make easy, humorous note of the disparities of the world and humanity. Hawthorne is no dreamer in the sense we mean when we say that Poe is so. He delighted to recover his normal relations, if we may speak so, after his art-work. Those wonderfully realistic sketches, especially that prefixed to "The Scarlet Letter," no less than his note-books, abundantly attest this. The necessity was never so much as felt by Poe. It is in this sense that he is void of conscience, as a man, so far, and not as an artist.

Then, again, the totally different ways in which the two men view the spiritual world would of itself be conclusive when once pointed out. Who that has ever read that passage in Hawthorne's note-book where he relieves a besetting doubt by the conviction that in the next world we shall be able freely to communicate ourselves—where the "Babel of words" will not stand between soul and soul—can forget it? And where in the range of all Poe's writings can you find trace of the expression of such a healthy human religious faith? Poe seems to draw no satisfaction from the thought—if he ever entertains it—of the freedom that shall come to the enfranchised spirit, or from the compensations of Providence and of spiritual relation; he falls back, for fleeting satisfaction rather, on his individual dreams, or, if he escapes from them at all, it is only to seek a momentary suggestion from elements of sensuous beauty. Hawthorne, in a word, had faith—faith in men, faith in a future—Poe had not; and the remorse and hopelessness of his prose as well as of his poetry—qualities radical and essential to them—at once and decidedly differentiate his art from that of Hawthorne, in spite of some superficial points of external resemblance.

Another very noticeable point is that, whereas Poe suffered almost chronically from "low spirits"—"blue devils," as his friend Mr. White graphically called them—and was hurried by reaction from joy to sorrow, from despondency to ecstasy, Hawthorne, on his own confession, lived a life of equable content, seldom visited by low spirits. And, in spite of the problems with which he occupied himself, this is not so surprising when we reflect how he kept himself *en rapport* with life, eschewed solitude, and regarded nothing as more healthful for a literary man than to have much to do with those who could not sympathize with his peculiar views and employments.

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